



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 25 – Number 20-21

March 2008

Special Features This Issue
“4th Annual Lake Powell Messabout”
“Glen-L Gathering” – “Rappahannock River Cruise”
“Snubbin’ Thru Jersey” – “Building the Tyne Greenlander”



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Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks

Production and subscription
fulfillment is by Roberta Freeman
For circulation or production inquiries or
problems, contact:

Roberta Freeman at
officesupport@comcast.net

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



I have remarked from time to time over the past several winters about getting my trimaran conversion for my 21' Seda Tango double kayak finished, and here is a photo showing that at last I am really going ahead with it. On the opposite page are several more photos of the project and the "shop" in which it is being carried out.

It doesn't look much like a boat shop, does it? Well, the project is not really a boat building job, it's more of a metal fabrication job, figuring out and fabricating an aluminum structure to fit the tri set-up to the kayak hull with an easy and simple dismantling arrangement to enable carrying it all on my pick-up's roof racks.

The rig fitted to the earlier 17' Seda Viking solo kayak would not fit the much larger Tango, thus entailing my dreaming up and fabricating a whole new set-up. My workshop in the barn is adjacent to the greenhouse, opening into it through a set of French doors through which solar heat passes into the shop and I pass back and forth into the greenhouse. I can do all the metal fabricating right there, a few feet from the kayak.

I don't do aluminum welding, I'm a life-time gas welder/brazer so I will jig up the as-

semblies taking place in these pictures when finished and lug them to a friend in nearby New Hampshire who is a professional welder and builder of special recumbent bicycles. Following his welding I will sandblast the assemblies and paint them from a rattlecan, blue matching the Tango's stripes and trim. It'll look nearly professional, maybe from ten feet away anyway.

I tend to overbuild stuff as I do not like to have problems later on from inadequate structures failing under loads. This tri set-up, with its rigid aluminum hull mounts, is a far cry from simply tying the akas to the hull with some cord. But this is a big kayak, 21'x30", and with two aboard and as much sail up as I eventually feel it can handle it could get hard pressed in a breeze and I'd not want to be wondering about the structure holding it all together. Making sail area increases are easy, just get bigger windsurfer sails, they are cheap castoffs from the "quivers" of hardcore windsurfers.

I decided as the new year arrived that this winter I really would get off my lazy winter duff and work steadily on the several projects I have currently lined up. So I set them all up in the shop and greenhouse. Every day I go out there they are waiting expectantly for me to pitch in. I typically have the next small step lined up for each project for each day in the shop and go ahead on sunny days for about four hours while it is warm in the shop, carrying each to its conclusion and lining up the next small steps for next time. Should sunny days not come along often enough there's the big Vermont Castings Vigilant woodstove.

The other current projects? Fitting a new, more powerful electric assist drive to the tandem recumbent bicycle Charlie and will again be riding come spring. Finishing a long-stalled project, building a low rider recumbent solo bike to which I am fitting a full streamlined shell for new experiences in fast bicycling. Repairing the clutch operating mechanism on my 1975 BMW motorcycle, which I plan to sell this spring (I have a 1992 BMW I now ride instead). Looks like boats are but 25% of my efforts this winter. But who knows what the future might bring. That greenhouse is an ideal place to strip build a favorite small boat of mine, a Rangeley Lakes boat.

On the Cover...

Reader Randy Wedlund participated in last Fall's Lake Powell Messabout and sent along a report with some photos of the surroundings of this western desert artificial lake. The "bathtub rings" shown on the cover photo are but one of the unique shoreside attractions of this form of messing about in boats.



The “shop” is this 15’x30’ solar greenhouse I built onto the south side of our barn in 1980, from which Jane launched her seasonal greenhouse business. Later on, a larger 28’x48’ free standing greenhouse was built to handle the expanding business. Since Jane retired from all that three years ago this original greenhouse serves me now as a warm winter spot to indulge in projects. It opens directly into my workshop providing solar heat on sunny days and easy access to all my tools, benches, and equipment.



The front cross frame also holds the mast partners. I have a windsurfer sail which will slide right into the vertical tube (which extends down into the storage compartment with a large bottom plate spreading the load over the kayak bottom) with a 24” bury. The plywood pieces are just patterns to set up the relationship of all the connecting parts. They will be shaped to finished shapes and used as patterns for the 1/8” 6061 aluminum plates used for the final structure.



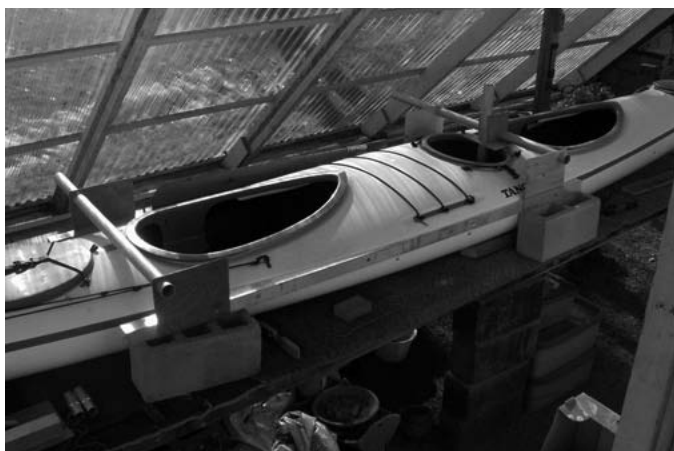
Inside view shows the Tango set up on the long bench that once held trays of seedlings. I can walk with full headroom down the length of the bench on the window side. The “glazing” is corrugated Lexan plastic sheets, costly when installed but still clear and strong. Snow slides off it rather than piling up, something that collapsed the larger house the winter after Jane retired when we had over 30” of snow in one storm.



The leeboard is from the earlier 17’ solo kayak tri rig, it mounts in a slot on the aluminum side rail allowing fore and aft adjustment to obtain the desired light weather helm (I hope).

The Tango setup level on the bench, blocked in place, with concrete blocks just the right size to come level with the kayak’s beltline, along which I have fitted aluminum rails to hold the cross frame tubing into which the akas will telescope.

The two 16’ amas also come from the earlier tri. They are stitch and glued ply, fibreglassed all around with four watertight chambers in each. The stainless tubing pins for the akas to connect to are bolted to compartment bulkheads. There are four pins in each ama, so spaced that the amas could be attached to either the 17’ or the 21’ kayak. Two are now redundant as the 17 footer is long gone. The akas will be cut from the 1-1/2” diameter high tensile aluminum tubing (longer pieces). The former akas (shorter pieces) are heavier aluminum “water pipe” from the 17 footer.



I meant to write this article all last year. The Shallow Water Sailors have a Spring Cruise every year and for last year's cruise Clements Bay off the Potomac River in southern Maryland was selected. The participants had trailered their boats from all over the East Coast. Dovekies, Shearwaters, Sea Pearls, Bay and Peep Hens, Martha Janes, and a Litorina (a Swedish import) showed up to wet their bottoms for the first time that year.

When I looked skyward to check for rain clouds (present on 80% of our Spring Cruises) I knew there was something very different going on. Large flocks of birds in V formations were crisscrossing the bay everywhere. At first I would think they were Canada geese, which are in the habit of using the energy-saving V formation, but these were not geese. The formations were absolutely silent, kind of spooky. On closer examination they were revealed as cormorants, flocks and flocks of them. This surprised me because I'm used of seeing them as individuals or in pairs here and there.

The usual encounter with this large brown, or nearly black, bird (length 27",



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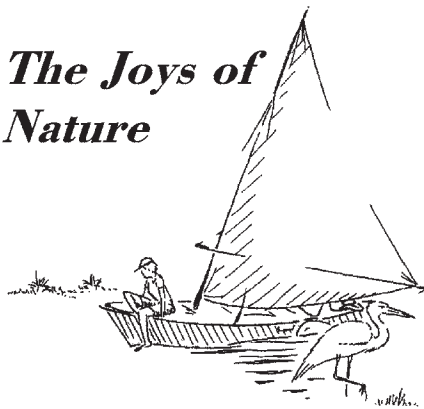


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The Joys of Nature



The Cormorant

By Kenneth Murphy



wingspan 50") while under sail is entertaining. I approach him or her (no visible difference) and know it's a cormorant because the body is mostly underwater and the bird's neck has a shallow S shape. To me the biggest giveaway is how the bird holds its head with its beak tipped upward. It reminds me of royalty. Then it dives. I wait to see it come up but it stays down and I start to worry. Then it pops up far from its dive point, flings its head back, and gives me a wink. That's the cormorant I know and love.

Now there is a complication here for the cormorant I know is one of 40 different species of the bird ranging from pygmy cormorants to large flightless cormorants. Here on the East Coast of the US it is the double-crested cormorant that is seen most of the time. This bird differs from ducks in that it is well designed for underwater feeding. It can dive from the surface and propels itself with its webbed feet to very deep depths. Its feathers are not water-proofed as with ducks and so do not retain air bubbles. This low buoyancy feature allows it to dive and swim more effectively.

Once water gets absorbed in the cormorant's feathers get too heavy for sustained flight so the birds perch with their wings spread apart to dry. Nineteenth century Christian artisans picked up on the cormorant's wing drying stance, using the bird to symbolize a crucifix.

I believe the name "double crested" comes from the small white plumes on the head of the bird during breeding season.

The cormorant's main food source is fish that they catch while swimming underwater. A sharp increase in cormorant populations has been observed since the pesticide era in the 1950s and '60s. The large number of cormorant flocks observed during the SWS Spring Cruise seems to back this up. A photo taken by Norm Wolfe during the cruise shows numerous cormorants perched on stakes of a fish trap. I wonder what the operator of the trap thinks when he sees all these hungry birds?

This brings up a current controversy involving cormorants. Interest groups such as aquaculture farmers and sports fishermen believe cormorants are significantly affecting fish populations. In fact, there are government programs for the control of cormorant populations in areas where large populations of the bird are supposed to be affecting sport fishing. The overriding trouble with this issue is that there is little scientific information involving just what fish species are being eaten by the cormorant and the overall impact the bird has on fish populations. There are a few programs trying to develop this information but they are few and far between. At this time there is no proof that the bird is indeed a major cause of the reduction in sport fish populations. Better science is needed.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman



For several years I lived near the Pawcatuck River. This shallow river runs less than 50 miles, interspersed with dams and some harmless riffles. Near the University of Rhode Island it scarcely qualifies as a creek, called the Chipuxet. From the local state landing to the sea is 20 miles by rail. The river rambles 44 miles to get there. I've paddled perhaps 25 of them.

Taylor's Landing, near the university, has a little, sandy, stepping-in place where you needn't get too wet unless you want to. The river ascends a few miles above this place but I don't believe it worthwhile navigating. Even the first few hundred feet below this landing are so narrow you'll have trouble plying a double paddle. Eventually it widens and the brush has been cleared back. Sometimes the trees have also been cut back and difficult limbs removed from fallen trees. But not always. You may have to climb on a fallen tree and drag your kayak over it.

But the rest of this river isn't that confining. The worst problem we encountered, while passing through a clearing where the stream wends slenderly amid the waving reeds, took the form of an angry swan whose low nest lay nearby. One rampant swan, as Horatius did, can ward a narrow way. Wanting neither to hurt him nor be hurt, we turned around and ascended the sluggish stream. We had our double kayak that day. It maneuvers with all the agility of an old tobacco barn. As only two kayak lengths separated the banks, we managed to turn our craft around in something less than an hour.

The Chipuxet's descent is quiet and pristine. Much of this watercourse passes through conserved or managed areas. An abandoned spur of the railroad that used to service the mills in the town adjacent crosses the river on a derelict steel trestle. We used to walk the rail bed, from which the ties had been removed, pick wildflowers, and visit a tiny burial site consisting of half dozen shards of unmarked shale half hidden beneath the laurel in a long deserted field. A mile beyond the railroad ran through a marshy pond graced by a beaver lodge.

These gentle creatures at times drop trees only to eat the tender twigs and buds. Their dams impact the local ecosystems. They often block drainage conduits on purpose. Compared with Man, the change they wreak is totally insignificant. Besides, they were here first. On one excursion on the Chipuxet we watched a beaver loll beneath our boat, unconcernedly swimming on his back.

No buildings or clearings profane this stretch and the many marshes overflow with birds. After three miles the river empties into Wordens Pond. A mile and a half across, this has an isle at its center on which stands a diminutive red cottage. On the southern shore an adequate landing sprawls. When the wind blows out of the southwest it takes considerable effort to paddle to the opposite shore where the river, now called the Pawcatuck, resumes its rural course.

Nine dams obstruct the stream between here and the ocean but most of the mills are ruined, abandoned, gone. A couple of dams have fallen apart and scarcely impede one's passage. The Pawcatuck likes to meander and has a few switchbacks. With no high banks or hills to restrict it, the spate in spring may readily spread a quarter mile, intrude among the wading trees, skirting a drowning dam.

One spring I navigated a swollen switchback. As it passed amid an ancient farm the flood formed a sylvan pool. It flowed around a new-formed isle, encroached on the pastures, crept among the red maples. A grazing carthorse, bored with his reminiscences, leisurely sloshed fetlock deep to commune with a fellow spirit. I found I had more in common with him than with many people I know.

Farther on the river spread to inundate a broad marsh. A dismantled railroad trestle halted halfway across it. I strained to recollect how close the 21st century lurked. Scarcely a breeze-blown mile away cars and trains and factory whistles dominated mankind. Here the cattails thrust their shoots toward the sun. Here the osprey wheeled above the water.

A mile away imperative lights and bells and buzzers dictated a frenetic pace of life. I rested my paddle across the gunwales and drifted slowly downstream. Above my head a chickadee presumed to disturb the silence. A mile away overwrought people fought the galling harness of their strident civilization.

Whatever could have possessed them to give up this for that?

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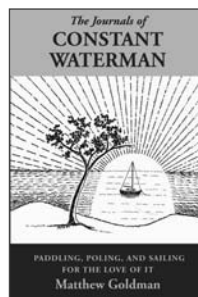
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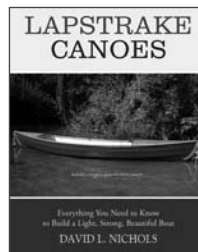
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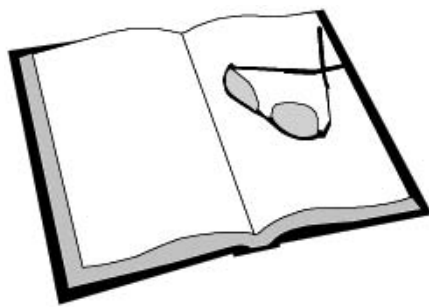
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If a picture is worth a thousand words, then Susan Van Leuven's new boat building book speaks volumes. The 8½"x11" hardcover 288 page book contains over 800 (that's eight hundred!) color photographs, over 50 drawings and sketches by the author, and is printed on heavy weight glossy paper. While the text alone gives an overview of each major step in the process, the descriptive details in the notes under each picture provide a degree of explanatory detail that almost gives the reader a sense of being there. This theme continues the author's writing style seen in her first highly acclaimed book, *Illustrated Guide to Wood Strip Canoe Building*, published in 1998. A casual reader could get sufficient information to make a building decision by reading just the text, but a committed builder would get all of the detail needed to build a boat by delving into the picture captions.

If I were to have an overall impression of the book, the very last sentence says it all, "After all, quality time is what wood strip boat projects are all about." The book is all of that, written with a sense of relaxed pleasure along the way, wisps of levity here and there, and "quality time" enjoyed while building a boat. While craftsmanship is only mentioned in passing, it is seen continuously in the work the author describes and shows in photographs. She takes her time with each step, waiting for glue to properly cure or epoxy to fully harden before going on to the next operation.

Building a modern rowing craft using wood strips, fiberglass, and epoxy is a logical application of a building technique that has seen innumerable strip-built canoes and kayaks produced mostly by amateur builders world wide. The book uses two wood strip boats as demonstrations of rowboat building techniques. These are the Rangeley Lakes boat, a long popular rowing boat design indigenous to Maine lakes and used as a fishing platform, and the Liz, a boat designed primarily for recreational rowing for the sheer enjoyment of doing so. Both boats are single ended designs with transoms and propelled by the rower using oars, defining the key differences between a rowboat and a paddled canoe or kayak.

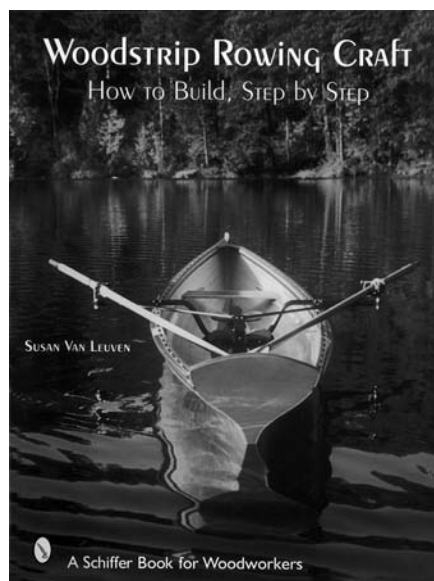
The construction of these boats is described in detail while along the way explaining concepts and methods applicable to other types of strip-built boats. The Rangeley Lakes boat was built from western red cedar strips milled by the author, while the Liz was built from pre-milled Alaskan yellow cedar strips. Also in keeping with the concept of presenting optional methods, the Rangeley building forms and plans were obtained commercially.



Book Review

Woodstrip Rowing Craft How to Build, Step By Step

By Susan Van Leuven
Reviewed by John D. Michne



Strip building plans and forms for both boats are available from Newfound Woodworks, Bristol, NH, (603) 744-6872, www.newfound.com. The plans for the Liz, designed by Ken Bassett, were originally drawn for lapstrake construction but were adapted to strip building. The author modified the study plans for the Liz by adding intermediate stations to better define the hull shape in the building form. The procedure for doing this was clearly described in the Lofting section, which also explains basic lofting in general.

The book contains the expected chapters and sections on building space and environment, tools, materials, safety, and working with epoxy, among others, all of which are discussed in detail. The construction portion starts with building the strongback, followed by making the individual station forms, mounting them on the strongback, and precisely aligning each form to center lines on a reference plane on the strongback and in space above it. Once again, all of these steps are fully described and documented with clear color photographs.

Throughout the book the author describes more than one way to perform a step

or build a part. These can be taken as options for the reader to fit his or her particular building situation. For example, she describes holding the glued strips to the forms by clamping them to precut grooves in the forms, stapling the strips to the forms as they are mounted, or using thin nails driven through small pieces of strip or thin plywood that act as cushions. She leaves the choice of fastening method to the reader, indicating that the choice of method used is one of the "...factors which can affect the speed with which the hull is completed. Another is your standards for quality of fit, and means of achieving it." Her high standards are evident throughout the book.

Once the raw hulls are completed, fairing, sanding, filling gaps, and preparing them for fiberglass are described. The author continues her theme of presenting options in describing different brands of epoxy. Fiberglassing the hull, perhaps the most daunting operation for the first time builder, is next and is described in comforting detail. Then on to the inwales and outwales, seats, stem band, and oarlocks, all of which are offered with choices. Descriptions and characteristics of several commercial brands of varnish and paint are given as well as techniques for applying them. For the Liz, the author describes fitting and installing a commercially available sliding seat drop-in oar system that uses outboard oar mounts. The book ends with a chapter on accessories such as oars, trailers, and small dollies for moving a boat.

There are three appendices: Lists of Tools, Lists of Materials and Supplies, and Lists of Supply Sources. Fully 23 pages are devoted to these lists but I found them overly detailed and repetitious. The list of tools is first broken down by major headings pertaining to each of the two boats, which are further subdivided to lists of the actual tools used for each major part of each boat. The consequence of this is a lot of repetitive listings. For example, "block plane" appears 19 times in the Lists of Tools appendix, distributed among the various sub lists. Similar multiple entries also appear in the other appendices. Typical books about building boats usually contain similar information but are of a more general nature and apply to the project as a whole.

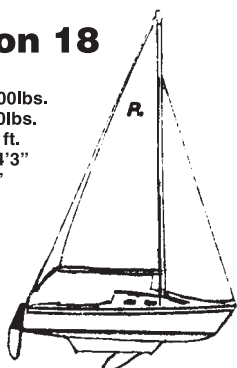
There are a few errors in the book, none of which are serious. In the definition of **breasthook** on page 10, "... the sides of the hull come together at the **stern**..." Stern is an obvious error and should be **stem**. With the particular font used, it is difficult to distinguish the letters **rn** from the single letter **m** and the error wasn't picked up in the proofreading process. Another, on page 215, has the reader searching for a picture referred to in the caption under the sketch and again on page 257 in the body of the text. The references to the pictures do not state where the picture can be found, rather they appear to be place holders referencing the author's file location of the actual pictures. I found one back on page 42, I couldn't find the other anywhere in the book.

Despite these few warts, the book is destined to become highly regarded in marine literature. It is substantially detailed, profusely illustrated, and well written by an author intimately in touch with her subject.

(John Michne is an award-winning amateur builder and co-author, along with Michael Olivette, of *Building an Adirondack Guideboat - Wood Strip Reproductions of the Virginia*.)

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The Texas 200

In June we are planning to tow our Shearwater *True North* southwest to Laguna Madre, which stretches for over a hundred miles along the Gulf Coast of Texas, to participate in an adventure race, or "Raid," called the Texas 200. Laguna Madre is one of those places I've long wanted to sail and what better way to do it than in the company of friends possessing a wealth of local knowledge? The 200-mile race promises to have a fair breeze from the southeast all week.

For those interested in the Texas 200 please refer to the web pages maintained by Chuck Leinweber at <http://www.texas200.com/>. These pages provide the background of the cruise, the expected winds, the route, who's coming, and a discussion forum. Nice work, Chuck!

Moby Nick Scheuer

WoodenBoat Show at Mystic Seaport

We invite you to join us June 27-29 at Mystic Seaport Museum for the 17th annual WoodenBoat Show, owned and produced by *WoodenBoat* magazine. Mystic Seaport has proven itself to be an ideal location for our event. Last year's WoodenBoat Show was an overwhelming success with a verified attendance of 13,323 in just three days!

Plans are already well underway for a variety of new, interesting, and informative demonstrations and boat building events for young and old alike. Expanded dock and tent space will allow us to host even more in-water boats and wooden boat-related exhibits. This show is a must see for any wooden boat enthusiast or marine history aficionado.

We are confident that the 2008 WoodenBoat Show will be an exceptional value to all firms and persons who choose to be exhibitors. Visit our website, www.theWoodenBoatShow.com, to view a slideshow of the 2007 WoodenBoat Show and for more details and information regarding the 2008 show, or request our Exhibitor Package by calling Kate Holden at (207) 359-4651 or Ray Clark at (401) 247-4922.

The WoodenBoat Show, Brooklin, ME

Adventures & Experiences...

Reminiscing

Read your goodbye-to-adventure commentary in the October 15, 2007 issue with interest. From the numbers included I figure we are of similar age and feeling a bit the same about things. 2007 is the first year in three or more decades plus that I haven't rowed one of our Rings Island Rowing Club's dories, or anyone's boat. I used to go almost every month year round on the Merrimack and surrounds. Its not that I don't want to or can't, seems I just never get around to it.

A friend and I did the Ipswich River almost source to sea in about six two-hour sessions in my battered old aluminum canoe, the same canoe that was stolen and ended up advertised on craigslist. I asked my computer-savvy sons to find me a used canoe locally to replace the one taken. Within minutes up

came a photo of one for sale in a neighboring town. As I could tell from the dents it was mine, a visit by our Middleton police and I soon had it safely back in my backyard. The thief, a young fellow in town, had found it cabled and padlocked to a tree in riverside bushes where we had left until next session en route to Plum Island Sound.

The reason I have your October 15 issue is because Bert Noyes, longtime stalwart of the RIRC, brought it to me so I could read his son Dan's article, "The Little Schooner that Could." Dan and his dad joined the Ring's Island Rowing Club in the late 1980s. Dan was one of about a dozen Triton Regional High kids who signed up with Chris Faris who, with Triton's four Banks dories, formed the club. Chris talked his way into the fine old unused one-room schoolhouse-later-firehouse on Rings Island, Salisbury, an appropriate place for dories since the knoll of exposed ledge surrounded by salt marsh used to be covered with flakes of drying cod.

Dan, who soon caught everyone's attention with his rowing ability, was in his mid-teens and winning traditional wooden boat races from Hull to Kittery. Soon he was competing in the masters' events we used to have. Not that he cared a hoot about winning, his mind always seemed to be on the intricacies of design, movement, and propulsion.

In the hundreds of times I've rowed with Dan and other young folks I've observed his obsession with experimentation. Not at all a purist, he uses whatever is at hand. One time in the Parker River on a very gentle easterly breeze I saw him alone in one of our Banks dory, half mile astern of the one another kid and I were rowing, trying to sail upriver with his body, seats, oars, and raised bow as sails. He, with excellent balance, stood on the transom with his arms spread. He had wedged the thwarts somehow so they stuck out amidships, the same with the oars. We watched for some time as he tried with various moves to coach another tenth of knot out of his rig, a graceful sight we'll not forget.

We had to watch out for him as a lad when rowing near the bar between the jetties of the Merrimack's mouth. He was drawn to its breaking waves. I'd call him back, my yells too often drowned in the surf. Where Dan went, other young members would sometimes try to follow. He tells of similar waves he encountered between Ipswich and Annisquam in his October article. I'll bet he was naturally experimenting with his tiny schooner.

Sorry to have rambled on so, just wanted to say hello and sign up again for *Messing About*. While I don't now mess about as much, I do like to hear from those who do. I'm reminded of one surviving RIRC dory built in 1975 laying in my backyard awaiting major repairs. My wife wisely advises me to build a new one.

Pike Messenger, Middleton, MA

One Speed Wheeler

Your article on Dick Wheeler in the November 15 issue reminded me of when I swam against him preparing for the Iron Man Challenge about ten years ago at our swim club masters group. A strong swimmer, two or three years younger than I. I used to say to him, "Slow down!" "Only one speed," he'd reply and swim off.

Deke Ulian, Cotuit, MA

Newest Member

Here is a photo, taken on Androscoggin Lake in Maine, of the newest member of the family, a Barnstable Cat built by Howard Boats, named *Moo* (hint, a relative by marriage). Since my adolescent years I have owned a Snipe, Comet, Folkboat, Souwester 30, Pilot, Frances 26, and Barnstable Cat.

William Sayres, Largo, FL



Information of Interest...

Extreme Self Reliance

I thought this news item might be of some interest to readers:

"Memo: Don't Use Rowboat to Tow Boat

A man who tried towing a disabled 35' fishing vessel with a 9' inflatable boat was picked up by Coast Guard officials.

"It's extremely unsafe," said the Coast Guardsman, describing the man's attempt at using paddle power to drag his disabled craft across Long Island's Great South Bay about 20 miles to Freeport. "It was going to go wherever the wind and sea took it and he was going to go with it." The man had covered about 100 yards in three hours when, Coast Guard officials said, they found him paddling furiously not far from a nearby marina.

After towing both boats closer to shore Coast Guard authorities issued a violation for missing survival gear and another stipulating that he repair the large boat's capability to run under its own power before moving it further.

In another area of interest, here are photos of dragon boats in action on the north shore of Long Island on Labor Day weekend 2004 in Glen Cove Creek. This shoreline between the Hempstead Harbor Club and the Glen Cove Yacht Club could be covered with condos in just a few years if our new (honest) mayor is unsuccessful with his drastic changes in waterfront planning so it will remain pristine. Much of it was a federal hazardous waste site clean-up years ago.

Charles W. Schmitt, Glen Cove, NY

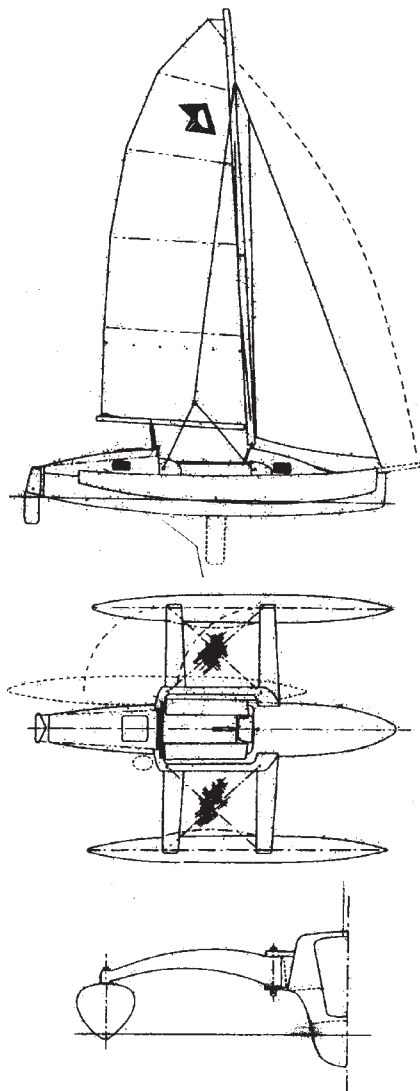


Designs...

New Tremolino

This is a new version of my most popular design, the 23' Tremolino. This production version folds, the home builders' version comes apart for trailering/storage. I expect to be at the '08 Wooden Boat Show at Mystic Seaport in June where some multihull pioneers will be noticed.

Dick Newick, Sebastopol, CA



More on That Peterborough Canoe

I had two responses to my letter inquiring about a Peterborough canoe in the December 15 issue. One person said that the method of construction of the boat was developed by John Anderson about 1860. I doubt that, it is my understanding that Anderson invented the "cedar strip" canoe at that time and I don't see how those crosswise planks could be considered cedar strips. Another person suggested that the boat may have been built as early as 1909. That is possible. At any rate, I feel that my understanding of the boat is growing. Its construction seems to have been widely used, at least at one time. Also, that method of construction may have been developed before the 20th century.

Bradford Lyttle, Chicago, IL

Canoe Tri Design Progress

Thank you for the fine job with my letter and classified ad about my canoe trimaran design in the January issue. I now have five 12"x18" detail sheets loaded with info, giving builders lots of choices to alter, modify, or whatever. Mostly I focus on how I built my tri with little \$\$\$s while still keeping it strong and fast.

Do you (or any reader) know of any formula for determining the relative areas of centerboard/leeboard vs sail area?

Ron Mulloy, 36 Calais Rd, Apt 308, Randolph, NJ 07969-3517, (973) 895-5443.

Projects...

Boat Building on Back Burner

The boat building and plans aspect of Kristjanson Boatworks has taken a back seat to other pursuits. To keep up with grocery money I got involved with two yacht refit projects. I was able to do some of the purchasing, help with payroll, and do bookkeeping. The first was "almost finished" and only supposed to last a few more months. That kept me busy for a year and a half. The second project was much better organized and still managed to take two years. Between them they dumped about \$33 million dollars into the local economy. That is some serious messing about.

As much as I enjoy the small boat building and design, it will have to remain a hobby. Maybe someday I will get around to sharing some of my techniques with your readers since the "how to" book idea has also gone by the wayside. I do enjoy all the adventure, idea, news, and opinion articles in the magazine and look forward to my new subscription.

Stefan Kristjanson, Seattle, WA

Still Getting Around at 87

2006 was not a good year healthwise for me, I was in and out of the hospital a few times. My steamboat *Tinkertoy* was not in the water that season and no shop work was getting done. 2007 was better and I took *Tinkertoy* to four steamboat meets. My health is now better but old age has really slowed me down. I shouldn't complain, I will be 87 in March and I still get around pretty well.

For my whole life I have just loved to build things. First boat at 15, no design, just built it of barrel hoops covered with bed-ticking with several coats of paint. It was so tippy it was not a safe boat and had very little practical use. Built a 9' racing pram from plans in the old *Illustrated Mechanics* magazine, we thought we were really moving, 23mph with a 7½hp Mercury.

I have now been selling steam engine plans for 30 years. People said I couldn't make any money doing this, they were right. However, I have made many friends and my engines are powering quite a few boats. I will try to put something together which you might use for an article.

Ray Hasbrouck, New Paltz, NY

Hunting Down That One-Sheet Boat

In the December 15, 2007 issue on the "You write to us about..." pages there was a short article and picture, "One-Sheet Speakeasy" (replying to John Hadden's review of Bob Dailey's one-sheet boat). After reading,

"If this boat was not stable, I would not be pictured sitting in it in a beach chair," I was interested. I can be excited about a one-sheet boat that stable as I enjoy building small one-sheet boats. I was about to write to you asking for the address for Meri Honeycutt in Swannanoa, NC, to see if the plans for that interesting-looking boat were available.

Then I read the next article, "12½ Worth Turning to a Life of Crime," by Paul Austin and he mentioned his newsletter *Under Ten Feet*. I remembered he had a letter on an earlier "You write to us about..." page and had listed his address. As I wanted to ask him about getting his newsletter, I searched through many back issues and found his letter and address in the October 1, 2007 issue. In that same issue was the article by John Hadden about Bob Dailey's one-sheet boat.

While searching for Paul's article I came across the August 15, 2007 issue with Bob Dailey's article, "A One Sheet of Plywood Boat" that had a picture of a one-sheet dory. The picture in this article and the picture in Meri Honeycutt's article appear, to me, to be the same boat. I have looked at Bob Dailey's website (listed in the article) and found he does have plans for his Doryak, a 7'x3' dory-styled boat.

I would still like to hear from Meri Honeycutt to learn if her boat is homebuilt, about how the small boat is used, and any other information about it.

Bayard S. Cook, 1014 Seville Pl, Orlando, FL 32804-7231

Editor Comments: We do not seem to have Meri as a subscriber and her original letter went into trash along with all the rest of the original material after publication of that issue.

Encouraging Youngsters to Join the Messers

While visiting a friend recently in Florida to avoid the cold, I was reading his old car magazines, *Hemmings Classic Car*. Included within was a section called "The Next Generation." Each month a youngster talks about his first old car. It usually starts with the reason they are into old cars, then the search, the dead ends, and then ultimately finding their old car. In the same section they have an insert seeking similar stories from readers. I was thinking it would be something to try in *Messing About in Boats* to try and encourage youngsters to join the messers.

Henry Champagny, Greenback, TN

Editor Comments: OK all you youngsters, let's hear from you! I'm serious if you're out there.

Combining Hudsons and Small Craft

Here's a snapshot of fall maintenance activities in my shop. I will try to send you an article on combining Hudson automobiles and small craft soon.

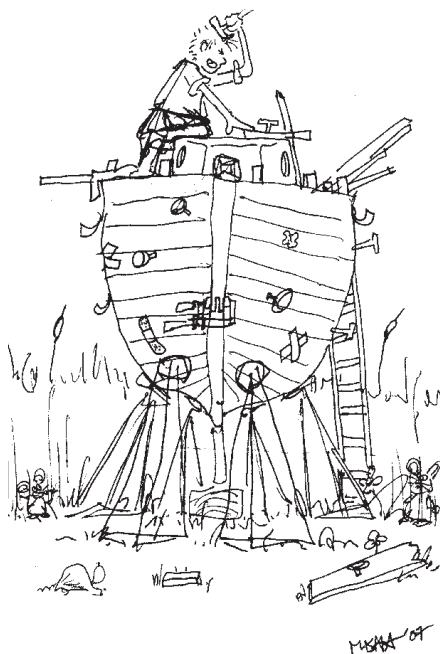
Steve Salley, N Barnstable, MA



Dad's MAIBness

Here is a copy of a drawing sent to me by one of my adult children depicting his view of his dad's MAIBness.

Iaan Burr, Ipswich, MA



This Magazine...

Last Magazine to Be Dropped

My anticipation of the arrival of the next issue of *MAIB* will only be intensified by the monthly wait. I, for one, would be glad to respond to a subscription price increase. *MAIB* is the last magazine I would drop.

John H. Boeckel, Fayetteville, NC

Editor Comments: I did increase the subscription price in January 2007 to deal with impending cost increases but these were far larger than anticipated. So I elected, instead, to change over to the less costly monthly schedule.

It'll Be Hard Waiting

Enclosed is payment for another year of your fine magazine. It'll be hard waiting the extra time between issues but I know it'll be worth it.

Verlon Vrana, Richmond, VA

A Great Review

I enjoyed the great review by D. Turner Matthews of *The Cape Horn Breed* written by Captain William H.S. Jones and am looking forward to getting the book.

Readers who are interested in seeing what it was like rounding the Horn on a square rigger should get a copy of the video *Around Cape Horn* from the Mystic Seaport Museum in Mystic, Connecticut. It was filmed by Irving Johnson on the 1929 voyage of the four-masted steel bark *Peking* around Cape Horn from east to west.

After viewing it your readers will agree with Mr Matthews that modern round the world racers have it comparatively easy. It also shows how Irving Johnson developed the capabilities that allowed him to survive his many subsequent adventures.

Bill Rowe, South Hero, VT

My 2008 Canoeing Adventure

By Dick Winslow



This coming summer I will be again canoe adventuring in the far north on Quebec's Mistassibi River with the Wilds of Maine Guide Service. I thought perhaps readers might find a little preview of interest. First, this letter from the Maine guides with whom I will be paddling the Mistassibi River in July.

"So, how did 2007 go for us at Wilds of Maine Guide Service? In April a good slap of the paddle like a beaver tail and we were back in the water. It started in Utah on the San Juan river, a party of 17 including the guides, that's a lot of meals to cook. For the rest of the season we did all the regular great trips including poling clinics, whitewater clinics, seminars at the Canoe Symposium, Maine's St John and St Croix rivers, and Canada's Nepisiguit, Bonaventure, and Liard rivers. Our new gig was the Maine Whitewater Week, a different river each day coming back to our Maine base camp every night. The best part was the grand finale dinner of roast corn, steamed clams, baked salmon, boiled lobsters, and all the icing on the cake a la Lisa.

"After just under a thousand miles of paddling we wrapped up the season in mid-September with one more trip down the St Croix with the beauty of Maine's fall foliage. The fall was busier than usual with friends and relatives from near and far, the usual hunting season (successful, I might add), and the six-week grand slam Christmas tree selling in Virginia. Phew, I'm all tired out just thinking about it.

"So, what are we doing in 2008? Well, we are taking less time off, starting earlier and doing more rivers! We'll be leaving here in mid-February, driving again to Texas to do two trips on the Rio Grande, we missed being down there last year and want to keep ratcheting up the Rio trip count, I think its in the mid threes now. After that we plan on repeating '07 but throwing in a New Hampshire Whitewater Week, again operating out of a base camp for the week.

Mike and Shauna Patterson, Wilds of Maine Guide Service, 192 Congress St, Belfast, ME 04915, (207) 338-3932

www.wildsofmaine.com
info@wildsofmaine.com

And here is the description of the trip I will be undertaking with them:

"In 2004 we did a new trip for us into the Wilds of Canada, the beautiful Mistas-

sibi River in northern Quebec. In over 90 miles of river we descend nearly 1,000 feet and experience 70 sets of rapids ranging from Class I to Class III, the latter requiring some lining and one waterfall requiring a short portage. This river is for experienced paddlers and canoe poling skills are certainly an advantage. It is truly a wilderness expedition, good camping skills and teamwork are necessary. This is not the river for everyone but everyone who does it will never forget it! There are many pools and eddies harboring brook trout, which we will mostly catch and release, and we found northern pike in the stillwater sections.

We will meet in Maine on Day 1 and travel to the Lac Saint Jean area in Quebec where we will camp that night. The next day we will drive to the headwaters of the NE branch of the Mistassibi and begin paddling some of Canada's nicest whitewater into the stunning rugged terrain of the Mistassibi Valley. On the last day we will paddle a couple of hours to the take-out point where our vehicles will be waiting, then begin our drive home with one night's stay along the way back in Maine.

We have planned eight days on the river so that we can proceed slower in the top section of the river and enjoy time enough for fishing after setting up camp in the evening. If you are fishing, bring an assortment of gear for both brook trout and pike. We recommend two poles and reels, medium or heavy action, with strong line, plenty of lures, and steel leaders for pike and lighter equipment for brook trout. You may want to bring along a fly casting outfit as well. For pike, large diving type Rapala lures work well. For trout bring 15-20 cheap lures, we recommend Mepps Spinners, Dare Devil and Al's Goldfish."

I expect to bring you my report in a fall or early winter issue.



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From the top of "Bathtub Ring" to the current lake level is approximately 120'.

4th Annual Lake Powell Messabout

Story and Photos by Randy Swedlund

Friday, October 5, 2007, vicinity of Bullfrog Bay, Lake Powell, Utah. Getting here is a long drive so I like to come a day or two early and/or stay a day or two after the Messabout. I arrived yesterday around noon, paddled down lake, got slammed hard by a brief, intense thunderstorm, and camped by myself last night.

This morning the wind is blowing a steady 12-15 knots and gusting to 20+ by 9am. A small, traditional-looking sloop (20-25', blue hull, white decks, small house, could have been wooden) is running wing and wing with reefed main toward the entrance to Hall's Creek Bay. Such a boat (or any sailboat) is a rare sight on this lake. Thinking she might very well be a new messabout, or if not, at least ought to be informed of our gathering, I decide to jump in the kayak and paddle after her.

By the time I secure the campsite against the wind and marauding ravens she has quite a lead. It's a more or less downwind run through a relatively narrow, twisting channel a mile or so before reaching the open expanse of the bay. Never did see the sloop. I turn around and work my way out as the wind gains strength, using the lees of cliffs and steep banks and sprinting across the open stretches from one side to the other. A confidence building paddle for what is to come.

Back at last night's campsite, after I've packed up and spent several hours waiting, the wind seems to be letting up. No whitecaps. I shove off in my kayak, a Pygmy Gold-

eneye with extended cockpit, for what will turn out to be the most challenging experience in my eight years of lake paddling.

The destination is a small cove three to four miles up lake to the east where friends old and new will be arriving today. This cove is part of the Stanton Creek car camping area, convenient for the rest of the group who come from the north. But driving there for me, coming from the south (Prescott, Arizona) would add about 150 miles to my trip. And that's just driving around the upper third of the lake. Instead I launch on the south side and arrive (after some solo messing about) via water.

The let-up in the wind proves temporary but there's no turning back. The wind strengthens and clocks around more to the west, putting my course more downwind, but 15-20 degrees south of straight downwind, and there lies the challenge, holding the kayak on course as it wants to continually turn to starboard (weathercocking?), a situation I've not encountered before. I'm paddling almost exclusively, and hard, on the starboard side. Making great speed, though. Should have brought my rudder but didn't, having judged it more trouble than it's worth. And it is, under normal conditions.

Ruddering hard with the paddle on the port side also puts the boat back on course, but with too much loss of speed which drops me off the wave I'm trying to surf. As I struggle on the increasing fetch creates larger and larger waves and, lacking a spray skirt, I'm

starting to take on serious water but have no third hand for bailer or sponge. A distinctive "ice cream cone" rock formation marking the cove is growing larger and larger though. I can see a couple of vehicles there and now people standing. Possibly they've spotted me, or soon will. Water starts coming aboard in greater volume and frequency. Good thing I'm getting really close, another quarter mile of this would swamp me. And... made it!

Kellan Hatch, his wife Lily, sons Evan and Elliot, and friend Mike Jackson have arrived just in time to witness my approach and arrival. The wind continues to blow, hard and straight into the cove. Tents are erected and, of course, boats are inspected, discussed, and admired, especially Kellan's brand new, custom designed, Chris Ostlind-built, family-sized trimaran cat ketch complete with Honda 2hp outboard. Lily fixes some snacks which we all share. As the sun sets we retire to our tents. The wind blows all night.

Saturday, up at first light. The wind was light but rose with the sun and strengthened throughout the morning. A massive cold front had passed and it was way colder than I've ever experienced in eight years of week-long Powell trips this time of year. Right after breakfast Niles Hageman, a first-timer at the messabout, rolled in with canine companions Skipio and Heiskhi, a big load of firewood atop his truck, and a 1959 vintage Lido 14 (fiberglass sloop) in tow. Soon the Gales, Tom and Heather, son Willy, and daughter Ruby, and Molly, a year old Scottish terrier, arrived

towing two Jim Thayer (Grand Mesa Boat-works) fiberglass hulls, both beautifully finished off with just enough varnished wood. Heather's we'd seen before, a sliding-seat rowing and sailing Whitehall. Tom, true to form, brought a new boat this year, a 12' sailing Whitehall, the *Green Pickle*.

Kellan and crew rigged and launched his trimaran on one of its first sails before the wind came up too much. Throughout the day Kellan was much less reluctant to brave wind, waves, and cold than the rest of us, must be some Viking blood in his veins. He took his Gavin Atkin-designed Mouse Boat out for a short row and then later a quick, exciting sail.

The day was spent bundled up in all the clothing we'd brought, mostly messing about with boats rather than in. A broken leeboard bracket repaired, a forgotten tiller replacement made from a 1"x2" scavenged from somewhere. And Tom, again true to form, did the final round of drilling, screwing, and bolting to complete the sailing rig of the *Green Pickle*. Later we carried Mike's newly-built skin-on-frame kayak over the ridge behind our cove to a well-protected bay for its maiden voyage. And still the wind blew.

The traditional potluck was held Saturday evening and was, of course, a great treat, especially Niles' highly anticipated, Dutch oven slow-cooked, better-late-than-never beef roast. Being a smaller gathering than in years past it was a tighter circle around the campfire, and a good thing it was in the cold. The kids had a jolly time toasting and torch-

ing a bag and a half of marshmallows and Niles' extremely dry wit and one-liners kept us laughing.

Sunday morning dawned clear and with NO WIND! Anchored next to shore just outside the cove was a large familiar blue boat. Dave and Anita Hahn had arrived in their Jim Michalak-designed Picara sometime during the night. All the sailors (and that's everybody) made haste to make ready to sail, anticipating moderate winds. Niles invited me to help rig and then crew on his Lido. Alas, the wind once again proved its complete dominance over sailors' plans, a good steady sailing breeze failed to materialize. Niles and I did sail though with plenty of lulls during which to work out, or at least discuss, finer points of rigging, gear stowage, and possible upgrades common to a new used boat.

As we returned to camp everyone was preparing to leave on a day expedition to the head of Moki Canyon, a round trip of 10-12 miles. It was obvious to all by this time that paddle, oar, or motor would be the means of propulsion. The cool weather was a real boon to the rowers and paddlers. I walked over to Mike and asked if he was taking his kayak. He said no... well, maybe, and told me later he was glad I had talked him into it! But really, Mike, all it took from me was asking the question. Six boats departed late morning; Tom rowing the *Green Pickle* with daughter Ruby, Heather rowing her Whitehall with son Willie, Dave and Anita motoring their Picara, Kellan and family motoring their tri with sails optimistically raised, and Mike and I in our kayaks.

Now this is what Lake Powell is all about, getting in our boats and cruising somewhere totally away from cars and crowds, through an amazing, unique landscape, cliffs hundreds of feet high coming right down to the water, fascinating rock formations to marvel at and provide cool shade on a hot day, innumerable side canyons and coves to explore, sandy beaches large and small, Powell seems to go on forever. And (almost) NO BUGS!

Yes there are the ubiquitous planing powerboats and houseboats, too, often pulled up to the larger campsites and beaches, especially closer to the marinas. But by picking my time to go, avoiding holiday weekends and planning on launching and retrieving on weekdays, I've never failed to find at least a minimally suitable, secluded lakeside campsite. September after Labor Day through October is the best time to go. The water is warm and the intense summer heat may be over. High winds are much more common in the spring.

All boats made it all the way and back and a fine time was had by all. That evening was cool enough to enjoy another roaring campfire.

Monday morning brought somewhat warmer temps and light breezes. Tom sailed the *Green Pickle* and Dave and Anita finally got to see how their Picara performed under sail. Packing up and getting boats back onto trailers proceeded at a leisurely pace. There was plenty of time for long goodbyes all around. I packed up and paddled off down lake to explore Hall's Creek Bay and camp one final night before heading home.



Mike in his skin-on-frame kayak.

Smile for the camera.



Kellan and family in Moki Canyon. Hull bottoms are coated with graphite in epoxy, akas are carbon fiber.

Dave and Anita in their Picara under sail.





Tom rowing the *Green Pickle*.



Tom takes a breather from working on the *Pickle*.

Willy and Ruby show off their rowing skills.



My Pygmy kayak hull was recently painted school bus yellow for high visibility on the water.



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Even though the winds were supposed to howl and the skies opened up sometime during the weekend, a good number of Squadron boats made the trek to the picturesque island south of Pine Island's St James City in Florida. I joined Bill Fite aboard his *SeaPearl 21*, *MoonShadow*, for one of our shakedown and data gathering trips in preparation for competing in the Everglades Challenge on March 1. We thought we would be a day early leaving on Friday, but by the time we'd launched at the Monroe Canal Marina in St James City there were already three Squadron boats at Picnic Island. Dale Nierann had trailered down to the island with us and we both were greeted by Stin Linkert in his Potter 19 coming back to the marina for something he'd forgotten as we powered down the canal to Pine Island Sound. It was only a mile or so to Picnic Island from the mouth of the canal and when we got there we found Art Gregory and Brenda Bell in *Kiva*, Art's Peep Hen, and Paul Myers in *Brogan*, his *SeaPearl 21*. They were both in the sand bar cove on the northwest side of the island.

Bill and I had *MoonShadow* well reefed and the winds were already quite brisk, the skies overcast and gloomy, and the forecast worse. What is it about our timing and Pine Island this year? We haven't been able to get it right in 2007. However, we hope that will change in 2008! Our first cruise to Pine Island Sound will be March 21-23, Friday through Sunday, and we sure hope to have better weather!

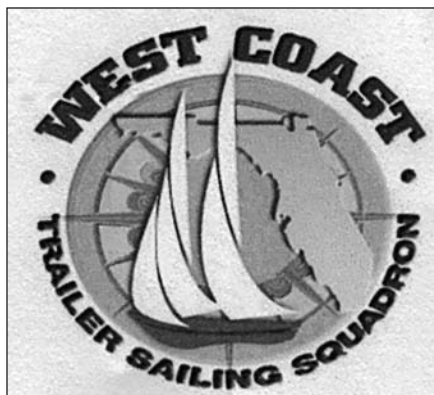
Bill had loaded his *SeaPearl* with camping gear and EC gear until there wasn't much room left for the two of us. We'll go lighter and simpler for the actual race in March. We pulled up on an oozy beach and unloaded a ton of gear. Ground cover, tent, sleeping pads, sleeping bags, cooking gear, stove, and backpacks. It looked like we were going to be starting a settlement on the small island! The weather was getting blustery and threatening to rain so we didn't waste any time getting the tent up as a shelter. As I recall, it did rain for a while in the late afternoon right around dinner time.

We didn't do any more sailing but made use of our time between showers to cook, clean up, and get the tent ready for a cold night. I'd forgotten how much work it is to make and break a tent camp from a boat. It's almost not worth the effort for one night, but Bill and I hadn't yet worked out how we planned to sleep the two of us on a narrow *SeaPearl 21* in the Challenge.

Dale Niemann set up a Marmot one-man tent which looked quite good. I think he must be more used to backpacking and small tents. Stin slept aboard *Lily P*, Paul Myers slept aboard *Brogan*, and we kept wishing we had figured out a way to sleep aboard. Art and Brenda probably made the smartest decision and went home before the storm broke.

It rained pretty hard a few times during the night but the morning dawned bright, clear, and windy! We broke down our camping gear and stuffed it inside our bags. Getting it all back in the boats took another hour or so. Bill had three big inflatable beach rollers and a foot pump with which we hope to be able to launch *MoonShadow* from above the high tide mark at the start of the Challenge.

Job one after breakfast was trying to lift the bow of the *SeaPearl* with one of the inflatable rollers. We slid it under the bow on the beach (uninflated), hooked up the foot pump, and got to it. I was wondering if it would ex-



Picnic Island Campout

By Ron Hoddinott
Reprinted from the

West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron News

plode before it was able to get the bow up, but it did raise the bow, just as if there was a jack under it. The plan for the start of the Challenge is to do this with four rollers each one raising the boat off the sand until we can simply roll it down to the water on the East Beach of Ft DeSoto.

After that little test we went sailing, or rather motoring, to gather some important waypoints for our GPS units. Dale, Stin, and Paul all went out sailing. They were having a great time. We were pounding into the waves directly into the wind but did find a critical marker in the intercoastal which will be a waypoint for our trip to Key Largo. We then headed for the bridge on the west side of the Sanibel Causeway. It has a vertical clearance of 26' so we wanted to enter its location as an actual position as well for the race.

While on our way there a skiff powered up along side of us. It was Terry and Ruth Nagel out to visit with us in a most appropriate craft for the weather. Their 25hp motor could get them out of the way of a storm in a hurry. Terry gave me a handmade medallion that he had programmed on a machine that he used

to make. Since both of our boats are named *Whisper*, he made two, one for him and one for me. Thanks, Terry!

After clearing the west span of the bridge and turning back to Picnic Island, we finally shut down the engine and rolled out some sail. It was still quite windy so we didn't put up full sail. Looking across the water we spotted Stin's Potter 19 and *Lively*, Dale's Core Sound 17, playing around and way off in the distance Paul Myer's *Brogan* and another *SeaPearl*, which turned out to be Richard Anderson's boat *SeaNile*. We headed back for the south side of Picnic, determined to pull up on the lee side to get out of the direct force of the wind. As we arrived at the beach we spotted Dave Barnicoat in his dark blue Potter 19, *Red Tag*. Shortly behind him was Rick Egger's MacGregor 26, *Mental Floss*, with Jack O'Brian aboard.

Dave had brought his 40-year-old Guild guitar so I picked out a song or two sitting on the beach with Dave, Bill, and Ruth. Meanwhile a group of power boaters were setting up on the island where we'd camped the previous night. It looked like they were planning quite a party so Bill and I decided to head for the ramps before the wind got any stronger. A strong cold front was scheduled to sweep down that night and blow everything before it. The hardy sailors in the Potter and MacGregor stayed but had quite a ride home the next day.

Editor Comments: Readers interested in learning more about the West Coast (Florida) Trailer Sailing Squadron should contact: Ron Hoddinott, 12492 104th Ave N, Largo, FL 33778, (727) 391-7927.

The inflatable rollers work!



Are You Moving?

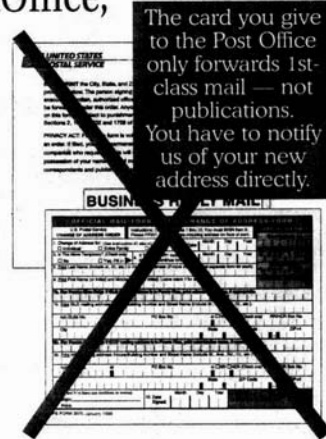
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Take 20 home built boats, add to that about 50 people, toss in a ton of great food, drink, and fun and you have the first annual Glen-L Gathering of boat builders.

My brother Barry and I, along with my husband John and Barry's wife Anke, were privileged to represent Glen-L at the Gathering. Many of us stayed at the cottages in the Lake Guntersville State Park as well as the campground. Accommodations were beautiful and the surrounding area was breathtaking.

It was a true honor to meet face-to-face so many folks who have built or are building our designs. We received the royal treatment and couldn't have had a better time. This Gathering was organized exclusively by the members of our online Boat Builder Forum. It was rewarding to see this online community of like-minded boat builders organize and carry out such a successful event.

The Gathering had been planned for about a year and pretty much everyone online had a part in it. Dave Grason, the Forum moderator, and Bill Edmundson, a Glen-L builder, were instrumental in getting the event started and scoping out the location. We all met at beautiful Guntersville Lake in Alabama during the weekend of October 26-28. The Gathering was such a success that a 2008 event is already in the works.

Many of the folks on the Forum have known each other for several years but had never met in person. Many were mainly known by their "Usernames" such as Leak-check, UPSPirate, Mr Hot Rod, gaffrig24 or

Glen-L Online Forum Members Organize Successful Gathering of Boat Builders

By Gayle Brantuk

Krugwaffle. Whatever their names, all are kindred spirits who have been infected by the boat building bug.

Builders came from all over the United States and Canada. The farthest traveled from Apple Valley, Minnesota, towing his boat and only beat the two builders from Canada by about 15 miles, also towing a boat.

Not only did the guys on the Glen-L Forum plan the event, they had awards made, planned, provided, prepared, and cleaned up food for each of the three days, and set the stage for a great time for everyone. The Forum has been buzzing with activity since the Gathering and many had comments to share:

"It was great putting faces with names and being able to see how builders handled certain things I haven't done yet. I was impressed by the craftsmanship of all the boats.—David Barrett, Georgia

"Had a great time. Great people to be associated with! Lots of beautiful boats by even

more beautiful people."—Gary McCusker, Kentucky

"It was an awesome weekend, much more fun than I had hoped, and I was pretty excited to be there."—Bill Eason, Georgia

In addition to the Glen-L designs present, there were boats built from other designers' plans such as Bateau.com, Stevenson Projects and Phil Bolger... all were welcome. Many who came didn't bring boats but were just eager to see the craftsmanship of others' work and glean some ideas for their own projects.

You don't want to miss the 2008 Gathering so keep an eye on the Glen-L Boat Builder Forum at www.Glen-L.com. If you sign up for our free online newsletter we will keep you informed about all of the Glen-L happenings. Plus, the newsletter articles, builder feedback and photos, tips and how-to information are indispensable to anyone contemplating building a boat.

One more thing I'd like to express is a profound sense of humility that I have the privilege of helping to carry on my father's vision of Glen-L Marine. It is an honor to have a part in the lives of so many great people. Boat builders are a unique breed of individuals who values craftsmanship and the creating of something beautiful out of a pile of wood. They are what make Glen-L what it is today.

For more information, contact Glen-L Marine Designs, 9152 Rosecrans Ave, Bellflower, CA 90706, Phone (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com



Group photo of Gathering participants.



E-ticket ride in Tom Drake's Glen-L Zip, the *Irish Rose*.

Ray Macke's Glen-L Cabin Skiff. Ray has traveled over 24,000 miles of river in this boat. No wonder he named it *Therapy*.



Captain Butch Barto's Glen-L Tahoe 23, *Innocence*.



Glen-L Sea Knight built by Bob Maskel of Minnesota. Bob won the award for the longest tow.



Glen-L Marine Designs...About Us

Glen-L Marine Designs has been serving the amateur boat builder since 1953. We have been in our Bellflower, California location since 1956.

In 1953 no one talked about mission statements, but if we had had one it would have gone something like this:

Our goal is to provide plans, kits, and building materials to home boat builders.

All of our plans will include full size patterns to eliminate the process of lofting which is required with boat plans that are now (1953) available. We feel that lofting excludes many potential builders from ever beginning their project and our patterns will eliminate the tedious lofting process.

We will sell Fastening Kits and Fiber-glass Kits for our designs.

We will also sell Frame Kits to those builders who are in a hurry to complete their boat building project.

If customers have questions we do everything we can to see that those questions are answered, the success of our builders is our best advertisement."

A lot has happened since 1953. In the beginning we had runabouts, ski boats, and cruisers. Now we supply plans for virtually every type of boat. We have published six books written by our staff. We have published seven videos. We now have a web page. In all cases these projects have been do-it-yourself projects. We type the copy, shoot the pictures and videos, paste up the books and literature, and after a little help in the beginning, we have written our own html copy for our web site.

Along the way we have built the test models for many of our designs. We have done testing of building methods and have recently researched the ins and outs of electric boating so

that we could produce plans that you can build, from the boat, to electrical wiring, to rudder and motor installation. Sometimes we ask ourselves whether we will ever sell enough plans to pay for the time and expense... some don't. But this is the only way we know how to do it. It is important to us that you succeed.

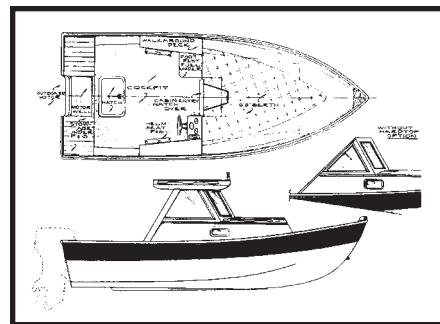
From the beginning Glen-L has served as a training ground for naval architects, some of whom have gone on to start businesses of their own. Through cover articles in *Popular Mechanics* and other magazines we have introduced generations to the art of boat building. It is common for us to be told, "I built one of your boats when I was a kid," or even, "I helped my father build one, I later built one by myself, and now I'm going to help my son build one."

We were pioneers in plywood boat construction which led to the publication of our book, *Boatbuilding with Plywood*. This book is the only text available that is devoted exclusively to plywood boat construction. It has served as a textbook in college boat building classes throughout the US and Canada. Our video on fiberglassing is required viewing for all students taking the plastics program in a university in Florida. Our books *Fiberglass Boatbuilding for Amateurs* and *How to Fiberglass Boats* are sold by suppliers of fiberglass materials as instruction books.

Even though we are one of the largest suppliers of boat plans and building supplies for the home builder, we have remained a small company. We wear many hats, helping in the construction of test models, writing or proof reading copy, or answering customer questions.

We hope you will turn to us when you get ready for your first or next boat building project. We like to help and it keeps us in business.

CABIN SKIFF



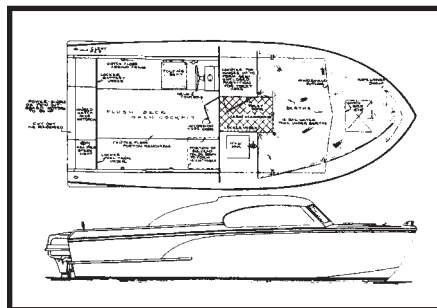
A 16'3" TABLOID CRUISER

**BUILD IN FAST-G
STITCH-N-GLUE**

CHARACTERISTICS

Length overall.....	16'3"
Beam.....	6'9"
Hull depth.....	30"
Height overall.....	5'9"
Headroom under hardtop.....	5'0"
Hull weight (approx).....	500lbs
Sleeping capacity.....	2
Average passengers.....	1-3
Hull type:	Sheet plywood hull developed for FASTG Stitch-N-Glue construction
Power:	Outboard motor to 40hp
Trailer:	Designed for use with Glen-L Series 1000 boat trailer plans

SEA KNIGHT



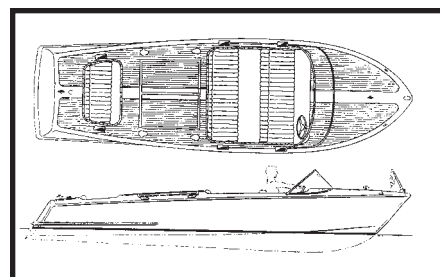
A 17' CRUISER

BUILD IN PLYWOOD

CHARACTERISTICS

Length overall.....	17'0"
Beam.....	7'2"
Hull depth.....	3'2"
Hull weight (approx).....	700lbs
Headroom (nominal).....	4'7"
Height overall.....	5'0"
Cockpit size.....	6' x 5'4"
Sleeping capacity.....	2
Hull type:	Vee bottom, hard chine hull, developed for sheet plywood planking
Power:	Single or twin outboard motors to 100hp total
Trailer:	Designed for use with Glen-L Series 1700 boat trailer plans

TAHOE 23



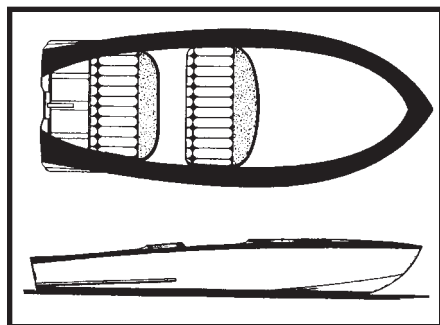
A 14' CLASSIC STYLE RUNABOUT

**BUILD IN COLD-MOLD
WOOD/PLY**

CHARACTERISTICS

Length overall.....	22'9"
Length options.....	24'0"
Beam.....	6'9"
Draft w/prop.....	22"
Freeboard fwd.....	2'4"
Freeboard aft.....	1'5"
Passengers.....	8
Motor type.....	V8
Motor (cu in).....	300-360
Fuel capacity.....	40gals
Hull depth.....	27"
Hull weight (approx).....	1000lbs
Cockpit size – length x width	
Forward.....	6'1 x 5'8"
Aft.....	2'4"x3'11"

ZIP



A 14' CLASSIC STYLE RUNABOUT

BUILD IN PLYWOOD

CHARACTERISTICS

Length overall.....	14'4"
Beam.....	5'9"
Hull depth.....	27"
Hull weight (approx).....	375lbs
Average passengers.....	1-4
Hull type:	Vee bottom, hard chine hull, developed for sheet plywood planking
Power:	Outboard motor to 40hp
Trailer:	Designed for use with Glen-L Series 1000 boat trailer plans

It was the Great Depression and no one had extra money to spend but some people still managed to build boats. My brother Elbert found a plan for an outboard-powered, planked runabout called "Buzzer" in a boating magazine and decided he would build it. I thought it was a great idea. Elbert had always worked on cars, his hotrods drew many speeding citations, but I had never seen him take an interest in woodworking. As the younger brother and still in school I knew my big brother could do anything.

There were, however, a few minor obstacles. First, Elbert had no money. If he had a dime, he'd spend 15 cents. He was only working part time and the plant he worked at was slow. Elbert had just been married and one other minor problem, the small rental he lived in didn't have a place to build a boat. Fools rush in...

Nonetheless Elbert started to build the boat. He found oak table leaves at junkyards, available at that time for next to nothing. They were varnished and some were doweled together from narrow wood but most were of better stock than is available today. It took time and some elbow grease to make the leaves usable for building the boat frames but time was available, money was not.

There were delays in the building as parts were scrounged and, for some reason, building took a hiatus after the frames were built. But eventually construction was resumed in a garage at our parent's house where I lived, just a few blocks from where Elbert resided. The frames were set up and somehow the mahogany planking was obtained. In those days four quarter stock in the rough was much greater in thickness than 1" and the lumberyard was able to obtain two planks almost $\frac{3}{8}$ " in thickness from the four quarters stock.

Elbert turned out to be an excellent woodworker, exacting and meticulous. When he fitted two pieces of wood they were not just good, but perfect... or he'd do it again. This was a time when portable power tools were a rarity and surely not in the venue of an amateur boat builder. This meant all screw holes had to be drilled and countersunk with a little hand-powered drill. No grabbing for that powered saber saw to cut out the planks, a keyhole saw was required. Ever tried using one of those things and make long true vertical cuts? Think of drilling all those holes and driving the jillions of screws by hand. And, of course, the screws were slot headed and if the driver slipped out a plank could be marred. There wasn't a magic filler. A scarred plank remained that way or was replaced. Elbert didn't tolerate blemishes so it was replaced, but after the first time slips with tools ceased.

Decent adhesives were also lacking at the time although the boats of that day were not intended for solid bonded junctions. We used a flexible mastic called "Aviation Adhesive" which was developed for seaplane floats. It was a sticky gooeey mess, never dried hard, and was hell to keep off those beautiful mahogany planks.

The "Buzzer" called for batten seam construction, $\frac{3}{8}$ " planking with junctions backed with battens. The planks were fastened over the batten junction with screws spaced about 4" apart and along each of the frames. Elbert used blind fasteners along the seams, the screws were driven from the in-

Classic Runabouts and My Brother Elbert

By Glen L. Witt

side through the batten and into the planks. This was a critical situation. All the holding power of the screws was required but the tip of the screw could not project through the planking exterior. Needless to say his didn't. All screws driven from the exterior were counterbored and bunged with a matching grain aligned plug cut from the scrap of the plank being worked on. All screws were in alignment and evenly spaced. And not just by guess and by gosh or even measurements, these screws were precisely spaced with dividers. And yes, even on the inside where most would never be seen.

Fitting the planks was tedious, to say the least. At a glance a mahogany planked boat appears to have strakes (planks) of uniform widths. This is far from the fact, the side planks on a boat with flare at the bow and tumblehome at the transom will have somewhat of an elongated "s" shape. The strakes are equally spaced at each frame but hardly of uniform width. This means each individual plank must be cut from wide stock or joined. Wide mahogany planks were more plentiful then than now so the joints on "Buzzer" were few.

Of course, the junctions couldn't be simply butted together and backed with a butt block. The junctions were shaped similar to the letter "Z" laid on its side. Try fitting that with hand tools where the strake had to be removed each time trimming was required. Of course, Elbert's junctions were such that the fit left nary a gap, you couldn't even slip a piece of paper between the joining parts.

All strakes on one side of the boat were color matched as close as possible. A plank was laid on the ground and the one fitting adjacent to it was selected with care to be as close to the same color as possible. It was possible to compensate for off color strakes with stains but not on this boat.

After planking and plugging screw holes the boat was hand sanded (remember, no portable power tools) with progressively finer grit sandpaper. Then it was wet down to raise the grain and the process repeated until the surface was "like a newborn baby's..."

The mahogany hull sides were filler-stained (Chris Craft red, of course) with a paste-like product. We smeared it on and rubbed it crossways into the grain, removing the excess before it dried. Messy, but it filled the rather open grain of the mahogany and gave it the deep rich tone desired.

Then the varnish... The work area was first cleaned everywhere, even the rafters were swept down. Then we waited for the dust to settle and cleaned again. The area around the hull was wet down and the hull surface thoroughly cleaned with a tack rag. Elbert bought the best brush he could afford and the finest varnish of the day. Nothing but the best for this "Buzzer." A thin coat of varnish was carefully flowed on, followed with another coat of out-of-the-can.

How many coats were used? I really don't know but it was a lot more than ten.

Elbert allowed me to sand after each coat. Rotten rock, a pumice type product applied with a felt pad, was used. It left no scratches but it took a lot of rubbing to smooth out the varnished surface. It became quite obvious why Elbert allowed me to do this task. I was cheap labor and dared not make a mistake. So he applied varnish and I took it off until the surface showed nary a blemish. Why finish a boat this way? A neighbor worked as a piano builder and this was the way they were finished. If the finish was good enough for a piano it was just about good enough for "Buzzer."

Finishing up the craft was more or less routine. Oh, it was some chore to build the brass chrome finished cutwater and a few more goodies, but in general all was going well. The boat did look beautiful and was a real showpiece. Now, for something to push this gorgeous thing through the water, an outboard motor.

A new motor was obviously out of the question, there wasn't enough money to buy a paddle. The details as to how the motor was obtained are cloudy but I was allowed to contribute. One thing about Elbert, when things got tight he was really nice about getting me in on the action. Anyway, we obtained a four-cylinder Evinrude outboard motor, the largest of the time. This was the days before electric starts and even of recoil starter ropes, we wrapped a cord around the flywheel pulley and pulled. This motor had a compression release that allowed blow by to make the turning easier, but in truth it took a good foot brace and a mighty tug to turn the thing over. If it did start, we had a throttle, spark, and needle valve adjustment to make, and fast.

At this time I was granted a new job. I made handles for starting cords and made up quite a bunch of spares. For when the motor did start, Elbert in the excitement, often threw the cord overboard and we were not about to go back and try to pick it up. Have you ever been out in the middle of a lake with no way to start the outboard motor? And I at last had found a task that Elbert didn't nipitick.

When the motor finally did start it had a habit of blowing the tops out of the aluminum cylinders. We were told that the motor was being run too lean. After three or four pistons blew it was discovered there was a cylinder water leak that mixed with the gasoline and caused an action much like a blowtorch. Problem solved, but typical of outboards of the day and particularly with this one, starting the motor was always a problem.

It would be nice to report that "Buzzer" lived to a ripe old age, but in truth what happened to the work of art is unknown, although it did provide our families lots of fun and introduced us to boating.

These ramblings were inspired by the numerous classic boat photographs we are sent. And they are beautiful. It reminded me of the trials and tribulations of my first experience with classic runabouts. Each one of these builders must have had his own problems but the finished product proved they too overcome adversity. The examples sent to us show that "Elbert" craftsmanship is inherent in many builders. To each of you we can only say "Man you're good."

Check the photos on the Glen-L website! See if the craftsmanship doesn't provide a challenge. Can you do as well or BETTER? Can you do an "Elbert" job?

Once there were two brothers, Glen Lewis and Elbert Woodrow Witt. They liked to build boats, performance boats that would go fast. This was a time when plywood was just beginning to replace wood planks and a small group of builders in Southern California were experimenting with the process and pushing it forward.

The brothers made them and some worked... some didn't. They couldn't find off-the-shelf hardware so they made their own. To pay for their projects they had "real" jobs. Elbert was a "melder" at a steel foundry whose primary product was ingots that were sold to other manufacturers. During the war the ingots were used for gun and cannon barrels for the military.

Glen started at an aluminum foundry after dropping out of college to get married. He started in the clean-up department cleaning the castings. When he found out that the molders made a lot more money he learned the craft after hours. He eventually became supervisor at Magnesium Products Inc, South Gate, California.

When WWII came Elbert was exempt, having two children and a critical job. Glen was offered an exciting opportunity "he couldn't refuse" and went to serve the country in the Pacific as an engineer in the Army Air Corps. As there was a lot of downtime in his job, he took a boat design correspondence course and designed boats, even building one out of scrap materials.

When the war ended and Glen was mustered out of the service, he returned to the foundry but with a new dream, to design boats for amateur builders. And he began to sell boats that he had designed. Using the expertise both had learned on the job, Glen and Elbert started making the hardware they needed for their boats. Glen made rough patterns for parts and Elbert did the finish work.

Elbert got fire bricks from the foundry to make a furnace in his backyard, ran a natural gas line from the house, and used a vacuum cleaner as a blower to increase the temperature to what was needed to melt the metal. The sound it created could be heard for blocks around. On a production day Glen made the sand molds from the patterns, Elbert melted the metal, and either Glen or Elbert or both poured. Elbert had bought a lathe and taught himself to use it. He did the machining of the hardware.

The name Glenwood had been coined by Glen. "Glen" for his name and "Wood" for Elbert's middle name, Woodrow... their dad really liked Woodrow Wilson. The original purpose of the name was to get business discounts for boat building materials.

The initial Glenwood parts were made for their own boats and those of friends. There simply were no parts available in Southern California and making them was the only way to get them. Glen became the "company" salesman, going from hardware store to hardware store trying to create a market. An order for three pieces of hardware was a big deal.

Somewhere during this time period Elbert decided he no longer wanted to work at the foundry and went to work at Atlantic Boat Works. Here he learned to do everything including "stress skin" (non-framed plywood) construction. This was one of the methods he would later use when building Glenwood boats.

Because Glen was a supervisor at the aluminum foundry he was able to have aluminum parts made "at a good price." A friend of

Glenwood Boats

By Barry Witt

Glen's and Elbert's, Lawrence Loper, proved to be a good pattern maker and made patterns for deck and other hardware for the boats he made. He gave the patterns to Glen to have the castings made (at no cost) and Glen and Elbert got to keep the patterns. The local boat builders and owners knew that the Witt boys were THE place to get the special boat hardware they needed.

When an opportunity to increase the hardware line came up, Glen purchased a large number of patterns from Bill Spiker, a local foundry man, for \$250. When it came to this type of expenditure Glen was the "go-to" man as Elbert was a spender. "If he had a dollar, he spent \$1.10." Glen was also able to rescue patterns from the aluminum foundry that were no longer used and which no one but him knew the purpose of.

Elbert eventually did virtually all the physical work on the hardware with Glen as the salesman. Glen went dealer to dealer selling hardware and his boats. At this point Don Ruffa, a friend of Elbert's, started working with Glen, making the boats that Glen designed and sold. Elbert's wife, Pat, started to complain that Elbert did all the work for Glenwood and Glen got half of the "profit" (not that they really were making money). After Glen had heard this one too many times he opted out of Glenwood and left it to Elbert.

While Glen continued to add designs and inaugurate Glen-L Marine Designs, Elbert made boats and hardware. Initially Elbert made all the boats himself in his backyard with Glen occasionally coming over to help with the motor installations. Elbert purchased a piece of property on El Segundo Boulevard in Gardena, California, where the boats were built and a machine shop was set up. Elbert no longer had time to pour his own parts so he contracted with local foundries to make the castings.

Elbert hired Bob Dean to be in charge of the machine shop. Bob brought expertise

to Glenwood and an innovative imagination that led to the development of new products. Glenwood sold a V-drive manufactured locally and, being the primary outlet, eventually bought the rights to build it. Glenwood and another company called Hallcraft had an intense rivalry for the inexpensive V-drive market.

Elbert made stress-skin plywood boats, primarily V-drive boats, but some in-lines were also made. Much of what both he and Glen did was "cutting edge" plywood construction in a field that was feeling its way forward. As Elbert's market increased he was not able to build all of the boats himself and he hired a boat builder from Atlantic Boat Works. Glenwood made "lots" of boats and they had a good reputation among performance boat aficionados.

The hardware business began to support itself and boats became less the primary money maker. As fiberglass boats began to become popular, Elbert decided that it was time to get out of the boat building business.

From manifold patterns that Glen made for flat-head Fords, a pattern maker across the street from Elbert made improved versions. Additional mounts and manifolds were developed for other popular automotive engines and these became the basis for Glenwood conversion kits. Glenwood popularized lightweight fittings for fast runabouts and auto conversions. The Southern California area became the center for high-speed runabouts.

Both Glen and Elbert went on to continue their passions. Each usually had a boat. Glen's were often the test models for new designs. Glenwood and Glen-L have become respected names in their fields and continue to make boat building available to amateurs around the country and the world. Both companies are still family owned.

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In The Beginning

By Jim Thayer

Last October's 25th anniversary celebration of the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival at St Michaels, Maryland, was a great opportunity to catch up with the old timers from the early days. To my disappointment several members of the founding group did not attend. I truly hope that they are still among us. Dean Worcester, I know, has long since crossed the bar.

John Ford, in charge for many years now, has a notebook with all the early correspondence which brought the memories flooding back. I suppose that museums keep everything.

The much anticipated Saturday evening lecture was given by our esteemed editor. His rapid fire delivery on the trials, tribulations, and triumphs of *MAIB* held the audience spellbound and included mention of the *Tholepin*. Steve Poe, sitting next to me, mentioned that he had a file of *Tholepins* in his attic. I admonished him to carefully conserve them as in a hundred years or so they would likely be quite valuable.

Back at the ranch, in a contemplative mood, I pawed through several piles of paper and unearthed some old *Tholepins*. Luckily I came upon Number 4, February 1984, with a report of the first MASCF. So here is a peek at the past.



Mid-Atlantic Small Craft FESTIVAL

September 30, October 1 & 2, 1983
CHESAPEAKE BAY
MARITIME MUSEUM

ST MICHAELS MEET

Ever since they hung lanterns in the trees to fake out the British fleet, the folk of St Michaels have been considered canny characters. This knack for survival is now manifested in quiet tree lined streets, quaint well-kept buildings, a tidy municipal boat basin with freebie launch ramp, all of which serve to attract a steady stream of that free-spending genus, Touristica.

Foremost among the attractions is the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum which emits a powerful pheromone irresistible to the species maritimus. This attractant is especially strong in the fall when the first fronts with a crisp Canadian accent send scudding south the sultry sedentary airs of summer. The crabs are fat, the gulls more raucous, and the sailor comes on deck in t-shirt, mug in hand, to shiver deliciously in the morning cool. The summer slog under power across the oily bay is soon forgotten in the romp down from Annapolis on the wings of the first norther.

Well, what does all this lead up to? For the past several years I have been showing up at the workboat races with a Lil' Pickle just for fun, and to get a close look at the log canoes and other goodies. Oh, I suppose there may have been some subconscious enterprenurial motive.

Not knowing anything about racing, and having by far the shortest boat in the fleet, the results were predictable. Still we began to do better than one might expect.

Finally, lured by my glowing tales of pleasure unbounded, Pickleers Kelly, Putnam, and Titus showed up to see if there was anything to it. Ryck Lydecker brought his boat and family, and of course George Surgent and crew were there.

Highlight of this informal gathering was a rowing race for which the lovely, vivacious, flaming-haired (adjectives fail me) Kate McCormick put up some prizes. All agreed that this sort of thing should be encouraged and Kate pronounced it done.

Museum director Capt. Jim Holt gave an enthusiastic blessing and so was launched the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival. I'm not sure just how the date is legally defined but it's close to the first of Oct.

MID-ATLANTIC SMALL CRAFT FESTIVAL

(for an objective account and photos see Ryck Lydeckers account in Soundings)

I showed up on the Friday to find several motor homes and tents already in place. A unique feature of this festival, and one for which Director Holt deserves national recognition, is the designation of a grassy field for camping. This idyllic spot, enhanced by a couple of Porta Potties, was just a short hike from the full service facilities and fronted on Fogg Cove where one could push a boat overboard.

I was delighted to find Dan Muir, his lovely wife Robin and little Erin all settled in. Erin is just at the age where dat ole debil grabity lies in wait for the slightest mis-step. She suffered these indignities with comendable aplomb, and, even they occasionally got her down--so to speak--her mother was comforting but unperterbed.

It brought back fond memories of our early days when we camped kiddies in diapers all over the continent. The little buggers have their problems but they certainly don't warrant staying home, and the rewards can be great.

Completely undone by the yacht atmosphere, and the large bed of glowing coals kindled by the staff, I forsook my bread and cheese, and, with Dick Kelly to hold my hand, headed for the Acme to look at the steaks. The sang froid with which Dick bellied up to the meat counter put in question his claim to being a boatbuilder. Actually, he's an executive dropout who still keeps an oar in via the consulting game.

The fading twilight found us knowing the boanes just in time to catch the illustrated lecture by a gentleman who had built a log canoe. It was an impressive project but I doubt that anyone is going to rush out and start one.

The Saturday was given over to various workshops, demonstrations, fooling around with the boats, and the like. In the afternoon Dan Segal, down from Boston, with his lovely wife Judy (That's Judy doing the work while Dan does his Washington-crossing-the-Deleware thing in Ryck's photo) gave us a talk on the exciting world of boat testing. He got plumb carried away talking about the Wiley Wabbit which will be the subject of an upcoming article.

Even as Dan was talking some of the sharpies were edging toward the back of the crowd where

they had a clear shot at the crab truck. The crab feast, which by itself ate up Kate's 15 bucks, was an inspiration. Not because it was so good (it was pretty good) but because it guaranteed that the participants would be locked in shared endeavor long enough to really get acquainted. For instance, I found myself across the table from Abel and Doris Dominguez who had brought up the pertties peapod I have ever seen. I got all the details on this boat plus welcome assurances that a fellow just up the creek, Frank Carlisle, is really giving his Express a good workout. Small world.

An added reward for mucking about up to your elbows in all those guts and shells was the nightcap. Kate assured me that it was just hot cider and Pusser's rum but either there was a secret ingredient or that Pussers is trully great stuff. I personally made sure that the urn went home empty. High on the day's activities, or the Pussers, I wandered about the grounds enjoying the erie lights through a fog that would have done credit to a grade B melodrama, half expecting to encounter a one-eyed sailor or some villin in a greatcoat.

I have a very nice slide of crimson Sunday sun rising over a beached Pickle--somehow that hasn't the romantic ring I intended. Anyway, it dawned clear but soon clouded over.

Walking over to see what was up, I was astounded to see a familiar form being unloaded, Sister Suzie. She is a St. Lawrence skiff renovated by Andy Steever and has been a fixture at the Mystic meet ever since I can remember. Apparently, when Andy finished his new boat, he sent Suzie along to his brother Edgar. I wished him well in the race. But, no, his son would row the boat. Icy fingers griped my heart, for the young fellow with a built like a diesel engine--a high-speed diesel--clearly had the potential for blowing us all out of the water.

After the usual discussions, course changes and final tentative decision, we repaired to the boats to jockey for position, psych out the competition and decide where we really were going. The field included, Sister Suzie, 3 Liveries, Tailfeathers, a very short but cleverly designed dink and, Ye Gods, a sea kayak.

A course with several obstructions naturally favors the kayak and this combined with his long waterline clinched it. Zell Stever was second, with Dan Mui on his heels then Dusty and I came sloshing along behind. The very game gent with the dink got a big hand. Tailfeathers did remarkably well for such a heavy slow-turning boat.

The ladies race was pretty much the same bunch of boats. Liz Steever (a built like a willow wand) was first, Judy Segal in that darned Kayak second, a lady from CT whom I've never met was third in Dusty's Pickle dragging a rudder, and Robin came fourth in the Muir Livery. My protoge, after a five minute training session--she had never rowed before--finished a respectable last.

On the spur of the moment it was decided to have a race for flat-bottomed boats. See result sheet.

The sailing race was a run for a mile across the river and a beat back. I made some tactical errors and rounded midpack, but the Pickle is a

tiger to windward and we managed to claw up on the leaders.

Aside from the first three finishers the results were not at all what one would have predicted. The log canoe looked like it would go smoking past everybody. The Culler skiffs must be a little short on sail area. I tried the museum crabbing skiff once and it just doesn't seem to go although it looks pretty fast.

Win or lose it was visually inspiring and lots of fun.

Soon after the race Dusty informed me that a fellow just had to have a Pickle and introduced me to Bob Booth. Bob had been bowled over by Dusty's Pickle which is very nice indeed. After a moment getting acquainted we went to look at Bob's Elver which had been getting a lot of attention where it lay alongside. It's a very attractive little boat and Bob is going to give us some comments on it after he has more experience with it. He had it at the Newport Wooden Boat Show but hasn't sailed it much yet.

The sailing race was the last scheduled event and, after some time for messing around, was followed by the awards presentation.

Mark Hasslinger got Best Amateur Construction. His boat, Tailfeathers, an 18 ft. partially decked, West-built whitehall type was superb in design, construction, and finish. She had a beautifully setting sail and handled kinda like a big caddy. She's heavy but a joy to sail. You may see her in Annapolis harbor from time to time. (The one with the flag in Ryck's photo.)

Abel Dominguez got Best Classic Replica for his outstanding peapod. Abel called me the other day to discuss the possibility of taking a mold off her with the idea that she should be preserved for posterity. It's a good idea but I don't know if I want to tackle a lapstrake hull.

George Surgent received Best Contemporary Design for his Island Creek Boat. She is a real looker and very well built.

Best Restoration went to Fred Hechlinger with his Bahama dinghy. Fred should have also gotten an award for looking the part. He had a perfect straw hat and was a whiz at sculling her with the oar held almost vertically.

Phil Echman garnered Best Professional Construction for his Culler skiff built by David Scarborough from Rock Hall Boatshop.

By 2 o'clock or so most everybody had packed it in. A warm sun was out, the breeze sprung up and the Bahama dinghy was out fooling around. Dusty and I were nursing a last one and replaying the whole affair and rewriting the rules to get our deserved awards. I think we finally decided what-the-heck, it couldn't have been much better.

Certainly Jim Holt, Kate McCormick and the whole museum crew did an outstanding job and we owe them a large vote of thanks. If I were you, I'd drop Kate a note and tell her you want to be on the mailing list for the second MASCF Oct. 5, 6, 7 1984. Mark it on your calendar and allow time to give Old Betsy an early fall coat of varnish.

My brother Kit and I had been thinking about the trip for a couple of years. The subject began coming up more and more often until we positively had to put it on the calendar. The plan was to take Kit's little 13' Boston Whaler to the falls of the Rappahannock River in Fredericksburg, Virginia, and head downstream. Our destination would be the family home place in Middlesex County near where the Rappahannock meets the Chesapeake Bay. It looked to be a cruise of about 100 miles and had all the makings of an interesting, full-day adventure.

Eastern Virginia is steeped in history and personally so for my family. Our ancestors arrived in the colony from England in the 1660s. One feature that made eastern Virginia such a desirable place for settlement for the early colonists is the great network of waterways which were critical to the efficient transport of people and material. Swampy land and hostile Indians made travel by land, over any appreciable distance, unpredictable. Besides the Chesapeake itself, there are innumerable creeks and rivers as part of this giant estuary.

The Rappahannock is one of the five great rivers of Virginia, the others being the Potomac, the York, the James, and the Piankintank. OK, so the Piankintank is not quite as great as the others but you get the picture. All of these waterways make for sweet exploration by boat and Kit and I have been doing it for all of our lives, in all kinds of boats. In fact, this Rappahannock trip was to be a reenactment, of sorts, of a trip our dad took us on about 35 years before in our stern drive powered 1966 Safe-T-Craft. I remember that stern drive had a problem with quickly rusting exhaust manifolds. My dad had rigged a stiff wire through a hole in the manifold to periodically wiggle, thereby helping to keep the bits of rust from clogging the ports and overheating the thing. Yeah, that's another story.

We had considered making this latest Rappahannock River Cruise a multi-day affair, camping along the way, but decided on a one-day run for all of its appealing qualities. No camping gear would be necessary and the 100-mile distance seemed just right for an elegantly simple, one-day cruise in the Whaler. The boat is powered by a Mercury 30 and loaded with food, fuel, etc, we thought we could move along planing between 15 and 20 knots.

Our preparation was progressing in earnest. We picked a Friday in mid-March and carefully thought out all of the details we could imagine. Which kind of Pop-Tarts should we bring? Ham and cheese sandwiches or just ham? What would we put in the Thermos and how long would it stay hot? My red hat or the black one? We also considered other, less important, things such as how much fuel to carry and potential refuel points along the way. We discussed how bad the weather would have to be on the designated day before we cancelled the trip. We decided it would have to be pretty darn bad, we being so keen to do the trip. Foul weather gear would certainly be included in the list of goods brought aboard.

We gathered the necessary charts along with a road map or two. We noted places along the way which might be interesting to explore. Places like Horsehead Cliffs, Tappahannock, Urbanna. We had the GPS, binoculars, cameras, various bird books and nature guides, and earmuffs to diminish the whine of the Mercury. The issue of fuel use was debated and figured at length. It appeared that

Rappahannock River Cruise

Three Men, 13' Boat, One Day, 100 Miles

By John W. Robinson



Ready to be off.

the most reasonable refuel point would be at Tappahannock but we preferred to be as self-sufficient as possible. On the other hand, carrying too much weight in fuel would not be good either. If the little boat was too heavy to get up on plane it would be a multi-day trip whether we wanted it to be or not. We finally decided to carry 15 gallons of gas along with the six gallons in the main tank. We also had a stout paddle.

Our plans were progressing nicely until Hugo called. Hugo Hagan, that is, a lifelong friend experienced in the ways of low-class, low-budget adventuring. In fact, Hugo is also a good writer who has graced the pages of *MAIB* with his tales. I hope to beat him to the write-up of this one. Anyway, Hugo wanted to go with us and what could we say? "Sure, come on, why not?" So now we had a third crew member for our little cruise in our little boat. We had to rethink some things but we had faith that Hugo's hearty, good-natured attitude would make him an asset to the expedition in spite of the fact that the Whaler was going to be a bit crowded. We also thought that Hugo would be good at wielding that stout paddle if necessary.

The day was soon upon us and the weather looked good, calm and clear, temperature about 40 degrees at 7am, to warm considerably later on. My parents assisted in delivering us to the boat ramp in Fredericksburg, just a stone's throw from the rapids upstream marking the demarcation between tidal water and shallow, rocky, free-flowing river. Our spirits were high as we reveled in the perfect conditions and the thought of the great little adventure before us. Gear was carefully packed at first, then haphazardly thrown in as our desire to head out heightened. What turned out to be an especially important piece of gear was the short-legged beach chair which we positioned in the small

space in the bow, forward of the bench seat. We dubbed this the Queen Seat where the off-watch crew would lounge with his feet up on the bow cushion, binoculars, books, snacks, and hot chocolate at hand.



It was cool early on...

... but later it warmed up.



The Mercury sprang to life with one yank of the cord and we were off. In minutes evidence of the town of Fredericksburg disappeared, replaced by woodlands and quiet water. The tide was favorable, helping us along. No, we didn't plan it that way, we just lucked out. Above us the occasional home peeked through the trees on the bluffs. Waterfowl made streaks through the green water as they took wing.

The next few hours were magical as we got accustomed to our vessel and watched as the beautiful river opened up before us. We moved along slowly, just idling along, on the narrow upper section of river. We took turns being helmsman, navigator, and Queen Seat sitter, switching every hour or so. Along with the sightseeing the shipboard routine of playing with the GPS and checking the charts kept us pleasantly occupied, as did the irrelevant banter between crew members.



Cutting a swath up on a plane.

A particularly interesting aspect of the trip was how the nature of the river changed as we proceeded, 100 yards in width at our starting point to well over three miles wide at our destination. The upper Rappahannock,

say between Fredericksburg and Tappahannock, is remarkably undeveloped, wooded, pastoral, rural. There are significant wildlife preserves along the river and this area is especially significant to the bald eagle whose numbers have been increasing as the effects of DDT have been diminished by many generations of eagles by now. Unfortunately, now the eagle is threatened due to wholesale habitat loss. Horsehead Cliffs is one such preserve and it was here that we stopped for a leg stretch and lunch at a quiet, sunny boat ramp with an inviting picnic table. We spread out our feast over the peeling green paint of the table and had a delightful repast discussing adventures past and future and reveling in the present one.



Horsehead Cliffs.

Horsehead Cliffs consist of earthen, not hard rock, bluffs a few hundred feet high. Similar to other sites in the Virginia Coastal

Plain, this place no doubt yields fossil teeth and bones but our cursory search did not turn up any thing beyond some ancient scallop shells (*Chesapectin* sp.?). Happily we did sight several bald eagles here and at other points along the way. A majestic bird which, as the guide books say, "is all field sign." You can't miss it with that broad white tail against the very dark wing feathers and white head. The eagle is more massive and kind of imposing compared to similar birds in the region. The eagle is easily twice as massive as the common osprey and the dihedral wing is another giveaway. I guess you can tell that I am quite fascinated with these big birds and have been so ever since my family and I started sighting them again in the late 1980s.

After a leisurely lunch and walk our voyage continued. As the river widened we became more vulnerable to the light chop and occasionally took on a few drops of spray. We continued to be impressed with the fine handling of the boat and the dry ride. If the reader is wondering whether we were able to get this little 13' Boston Whaler with the 30hp outboard to plane with three men and assorted gear, well, the answer is yes. Experimenting with the tilt of the engine and careful weight distribution we were able to cruise right along in the relatively calm conditions at 18 knots or so. This instilled confidence that we would make it home by sundown with plenty of time to stop and explore, too.

The afternoon passed most pleasantly. We nosed the boat up to a few stretches of deserted beach to stroll around and we idled past the Tappahannock waterfront. We decid-

ed against refueling there since we seemed to have enough gas to finish the trip and the idea of remaining somewhat self-sufficient was so appealing. Downriver of Tappahannock the river really starts to widen out. We were reminded how fortunate we were to have such calm conditions with just the slightest hint of a breeze and chop. We took some side trips up a few creeks such as Robinson and Cat Point. We realized that a proper survey of this stretch of river and all its creeks and tributaries could take a lifetime. Such is the nature of this Chesapeake Bay country.

By the time we reached our home port of Locklies Creek it was late afternoon and we had logged 105 miles on the GPS. We still had some gas left in the tank and we still had some gas left in us. Our little cruise had come to an end while, as my grandmother used to say, we were still having fun.

Intrepid adventurers, John, Kit, and Hugh.



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It can't have been so very long ago. No, my fingernail is still purple and those back spasms haven't quite gone away either. But now that the Christmas stuff is back in storage and the weather has gotten friendlier, it seems a while ago. Last week I was given another opportunity to help someone in need of helping. Well, anyway, it was "one of those days" when events seemed to take over.

Just the day prior we had winds over 60 knots here on San Diego Bay. It was really howling through the rigging. *Fiddler's Green* was tossing and turning in the normally sheltered waters of her slip. I understand that a half dozen boats broke loose from their anchors out in Alpha-Eight. Normally placid San Diego can get turbulent at times. And cold at times. It was the morning after the big blow and I decided it was time to demount all my various decorated boats and return them to their normal places.

Lady Bug had been moored under the windows of the Galley restaurant with *Limerick*, *Paint Bucket*, and *Mac's Pram* astern as chicks following the mother duck. It was kind of a neat arrangement, resplendent in rope lights and twinkle light clusters. But now the wind had tangled things. And since it was just a couple days before New Year's, time to put it all away. Easily said. Time consuming to do. Anyway, that's how it began.

Of course, I couldn't just put *Lady Bug* back on her trailer without a spin, or two, outside. So it had gotten a bit later than planned as I lowered the rig, borrowed Jim's 2hp motor, and threaded my way over to the launch ramp. *Lady Bug* doesn't have her own motor and can't sail with the mast in the stowed position, of course. Good ol' Roger loaned me his pickup to pull the trailer out, my little ersatz 4x4 doesn't have enough chipmunks in the cage to drag a ton and a quarter uphill from the water. And this takes a number of well-planned trips back and forth. Did I say well-planned? Actually, not very much that day went according to MY plan.

While still on the ramp and wading out to hook the winch up and all that stuff I noticed a boat tied up at the waiting pier I had passed and hailed several days earlier out by Ballast Point. A rather picturesque, retro vessel, a Saint Pierre dory with a gaff headed cat ketch rig, to be exact. Not being one to pass up the opportunity to meet people with interesting boats, I parked the truck and trailer at the top of the ramp and went over to say hello. As it turned out the folks aboard were from out of town and sort of wondering where they might spend the night. With the "official" limitation on anchorage hereabouts in mind, I offered up several personal favorites. Ultimately I connected my new friends with the marina office for a guest slip.

While I really wanted to learn more about their most interesting boat, I had already promised the guy across the dock from *Fiddler's Green* to help him get his boat underway with the new motor he had just gotten more-or-less installed. Actually, a significant part of that evolution was aided and abetted by the battery I borrowed from Cliff to loan to Andy when I went to Cliff's place to pick up *Lady Bug*'s trailer earlier that day. Who says people don't help people anymore? Jim's motor, Cliff's battery, Roger's pickup, a place to stay for strangers, Cliff's driveway a slip for *Lady Bug*. And the night was still young.

So anyway, I had to hustle off to help Andy try out his new four-stroke rice burner. At least that was what I thought. When

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

Another Long, Cold Night

By Dan Rogers

I finally got home, with everything borrowed more or less returned to their owners, it seems Andy figured he would be alright by himself. "I've taken this boat out once before..." and he was off. I REALLY should have jumped aboard on most any available pretext. But since he didn't invite me, since the sun was going to set in about an hour, and since I figured he was just going to make a short loop outside the breakwater and return, the biggest hurdle would be leaving and entering the slip. Boy, was I wrong. I really should have jumped aboard.

About an hour after dark I was headed off to the Mexican place to pick up dinner since I had been out playing with boats all day and hadn't been to the grocery store as scheduled. Just as I put key to car door my cell phone buzzed in my pocket. It was Andy. Seems he was aground and his new motor refused to shift into either forward OR reverse. No, he didn't really know where he was. But he was happy that he didn't seem to be drifting any more. So much for dinner. I told him to put an anchor over and stand by.

Plum Duff still had extension cords and miscellaneous holiday paraphernalia festooned about the cockpit. There was even a large potted plant still in residence that had been displaced and stored under her cabin table when Kate decorated *Fiddler's Green* for the Holidays. She didn't look exactly like a tug boat, or particularly ready for sea, as we shoved off. Good thing, no wind. Bad thing, the tide was going out. Another bad thing, it was getting cold. Oh yeah, another bad thing, I only had a hunch where I was going to find Andy.

On the way out I called Cliff and Sheryl in case I needed backup later. I really didn't think it was going to be such a big deal. But just in case I needed them, they readily agreed to come down to the marina and join me in the rescue effort. People helping people. Andy is a gentle soul. He has been rated by the VA for PTSD as a result of his Viet Nam service as a door gunner. Generally life hasn't been as good for Andy as many of the rest of us. I try to do what I can to help him.

First the good news. I established communication with Andy and we did the dance of the dueling searchlights for a few minutes. Ta da! This looks like a walk in the park. I anchored in about 20' of water and rowed over to Andy's boat, a Columbia 26, just like Cliff and Sheryl's boat. More good news. He wasn't listing and could rock her back and forth swinging from the shrouds. I passed the tow line and got back aboard *Plum Duff*. That is all the good news.

I came closer than I should admit to capsizing the dink as I was climbing over the lifelines. Yes, they detach. Yes, I should have put a life jacket on. Yes, I should have deployed the emergency ladder. Yes, I should have lashed the dink fore and aft, in close to

the cockpit/quarter before stepping out into the dark and cold. No, I didn't do any of those things. Yes, God was watching out for me in spite of myself. My only excuse, the tide was falling and I had to hustle, seems a bit lame from the wisdom of hindsight.

Plum Duff is a great sailboat. And we have towed our share of boats out of harm's way. But her screw is aft of the rudder and initial maneuverability with a tensioned tow line is rather academic. Also, to "simplify" the fact that I had to do the tow rope ferrying, dinghy handling, anchoring, and maneuvering in close to an obvious shoal with an ebb running to minus numbers, I had anchored off the stern. This had us starting out pointed the wrong way. With all these moving parts to watch and absolutely no experience at this sort of evolution available on the stranded vessel, I had to move fast and make the moves count.

First bad news. The dink drifted around and under the stern, her painter crossed with the tow line. Those two lines then crossed with the anchor warp as I was backing down and attempting to twist 180 degrees, take in the anchor, and take a strain perpendicular to Andy's boat all in one fell swoop. It was about this time that I realized that my venerable, 30-year-old Intrepid Braid tow warp had thrown a couple of round turns and a not-so-slippery slippery half hitch into itself about half span. This isn't particularly good for a number of reasons. Anyhow, after some quick roaring in and out, rudder shifting, and pinched fingers, the anchor was housed (rode in a pile in the cockpit), the dink was slewed out of contact with the tow warp (for the moment), and the tangle in the tow line had reduced itself to an overhand knot (hell to pay later).

More bad news. I did manage to get the stranded vessel twisted about halfway to where I figured a straight pull for deep water lay. But that was that. I tried a steady pull. I tried the ka-boinga method of running off and springing back. Each time required a series of maneuvers to get lined up and keep the tow line free of the exposed propeller. That same boat-eating shoal was laying for *Plum Duff*'s keel on each approach, as well.

I'm not certain in what order it happened but things got a bit bleak for the next hour or so. I really didn't want to leave him out there on that bank that was scheduled to "dry out." High tide wouldn't come until daybreak. And this is a place as close to a bad neighborhood as we get here in South Bay. The last time I helped a friend save his boat in this spot a guy with a parrot on his shoulder came along and tried to steal the boat out from under us (it was too dark to see if he had a pegleg and "L.J.S." on his belt buckle). In fact, he had already removed some of the peripherals, like the tiller and some hardware, while the boat was unoccupied.

So I kept at it. That is until the motor lugged way down and just quit. Now I'm gonna drift down on the same sandbar and spend the night on my ear? Not if I can help it. I went to raise the outboard and it weighed a ton. I mean it was all I could do to get it up and as I reached for the tilt latch the whole kit and caboodle came down on my finger. Yeah, my longer pointer finger. It could have been a lot worse. Just smashed the nail and left it still hooked on to the rest of my hand. On the second or third heave I got the screw clear of the water and there was this wading pool-sized plastic thing chunked up into the screw and the half-Cort nozzle shroud.

As I slid out over the lower unit to free this mess the motor did the natural thing and slammed down into the vertical position. That was the second time I should have gone swimming that night. After a few more flails I got the mess pulled free. And wonder of wonders, Mr Nissan not only started, his propeller turned on command. Now, more bad news.

While drifting around with a fouled screw we had twisted about all the way around. This put the tow line athwart the rudder. Actually, it was looped under the hull between the rudder and the keel. When it rains, it pours. This piece of heavy line doesn't float exactly. But it pulled pretty tight and managed to get jammed between the rudder and the hull. This is getting pretty ugly. Last summer I bought a boat hook and hung it on the backstay "just in case." I hadn't used it and almost forgot it was there. In fact, I had forgotten it was there. Until in my haste to clear the propeller, I knocked it down and INTO the cockpit.

Thank you, God. I still had enough presence of mind to untie the bowline in the bitter end of this line. And, wonder of wonders, the overhand knot was clear of the rudder wrap. With a whole lot of cussing and praying and pulling I did manage to retrieve the tow line and get it reattached to the towing cleat on the port quarter where it should have been all along. Actually, it was a conscious

choice to use starboard at first as the two anchors are stowed to port. And yes, I started to foul the heaviest of them with this new pull angle. The dink was still tethered off the starboard quarter cleat and would, on occasion, get slewed around by the tension on the tow line enough to threaten to capsizes. A guy just shouldn't have this much fun.

A bit more bad news. While attempting to keep this little shop of horrors in motion I did manage to get the tow line wrapped in the screw. Realize that it's dark out there and I'm doing this one-legged paper hanger in an ass kicking contest act all by myself. But even so, the one thing that I was most afraid of was wrapping the screw. And now I had done that, too. Apparently the sooper dooper Thrust-o-matic device that I had added to W. Nissan's foot last summer to increase our usable thrust was good for SOMETHING after all. It kept the tow line more or less free of the propeller hub. Thank you, God. It's getting time to come up with a Plan B.

I finally had to face the facts. Andy was gonna spend a very cold night with his boat laying on her side. We cleared the tow line and I re-anchored *Plum Duff*. I rowed back over to check on Andy. He was doing OK for a guy who had about an hour's experience underway in a sailboat. Actually, he was doing fantastic. I told him that under no circumstances should he leave his boat or accept "help" from any of the locals. As it de-

veloped, after I left, a couple of guys came by around midnight and when challenged, said, "We were just checking to see if anybody was aboard." Yeah, I bet they were. Surprise! I also left Andy with instructions to call me the moment he floated free. At any event I planned to be back around 0400 for the next attempt. Time to motor back to the marina and sort things out.

Cliff and Sheryl, total sweethearts that they are, had driven down from El Cajon and brought dinner with them. We talked it over and decided that maybe, just maybe, I could use some help on the next run out. This was going to be a 0300 reveille for them. Cliff and I used to warm our heads with Dixie cups and this sort of thing isn't totally brand new to the two of us. Sheryl signed on as well. At least it wasn't a "school night" for her. But it was gonna be an early call nonetheless.

As it turned out Andy called me about zero-three. He was swinging free in about 10' of water. I told C&S to stand by. The run out, the tow home, all went according to plan. Andy was barefoot as he had gotten his shoes wet earlier. I was cold. He had to be VERY cold. I called C&S to stand down. Thanks. When I related to Andy that they had been there to help and were actually on their way back, he said it all. "I just didn't know there were people like that anymore..." Yep. There are still people like that.

People helping people. Thank you, God.

Them Days are Gone Forever...

(From *Fore A'Aft*, May 1927)

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A few years ago I was working at a boatyard in West Palm Beach, Florida. My commute consisted of a pleasant run in a heavily built fiberglass skiff I owned at the time. The boat was 12' long and nearly as wide, made by a company in Florida whose name escapes me now. I bought it from one of the painters at the boatyard and then purchased a lightly used 9.9 Gamefisher outboard from someone in the condo building I was living in at the time. The motor had a plastic propeller on it about the size of a coffee can lid which was useless with any sort of load in the boat, but as it was mostly just me I never got around to changing it.

The trip to and from the boatyard was not much more than two miles each way and most of the time I could make the trip in about 10 minutes. Except, of course, during Manatee Season. Now I am not one to perpetuate myths such as that Manatee Season is just an exercise of the political clout of wealthy Palm Beachers who don't want noisy motorboats speeding past their mansions all winter (or am I?). In any case, the signs clearly point out that during the months of October to May boats must operate at "Idle Speed Only." And thus the trip home in winter was more like 15-20 minutes.

One day after work I was puttering home, when much to my surprise I saw an entire two-story house floating on a barge, anchored in the middle of the Intracoastal. I found out later it was the final home designed by Addison Mizner, it floated around for a few weeks looking for a suitable site. Eventually it was dragged over onto the beach and shortly thereafter deemed beyond repair and demolished. Fortunately for me I always keep one of those waterproof disposable cameras in the boat for just such odd sightings.

Manatee Season

By Seth Behn

So there I was circling the house, trying to get a good picture, when I heard the sound of a boat with throttles wide open. I assumed it was the Coast Guard off to catch the latest raft of foreign nationals before they got to the beach when, to my surprise, I see the blue lights of the Palm Beach County Sheriff's boat. It was cutting across the bay, twin 250 outboards wide open, buaaah-buaaah-buaaah, headed right at me.

They stopped a dozen yards away and waved me over so I ungracefully pulled alongside and handed them my painter. There were two officers on board and one of them asked me for my registration. I opened up the bright orange drybox that served as my carryall, to which I had the registration taped on the underside of the lid. The officer then asked me if I was aware that it was manatee season, to which I nodded the affirmative, thinking to myself that they must have permanently disfigured at least a dozen manatee in their enthusiasm to "catch" me. He then proceeded to tell me that I was "up on plane" and this is an idle speed only zone.

Up on plane?!?!? Now, granted I may not have been idling, seeing as how if I was the incoming tide would have been setting me about half a knot backwards. But this dinghy would need to be empty, with a stiff tailwind, on the back side of a wave, before it could get on plane. I mean the 9.9 should have been able to do it but not with that plastic toy propeller it had. And considering I

was standing in the boat, trying to take a picture, while steering, I couldn't have been going more than two or three knots. A joke compared to the cigarette boats with their huge razor sharp propellers that constantly come "idling" through the channel at about eight knots.

But to complete the picture here I not only had my registration neatly taped in my dry box, that box also contained up-to-date flares and a noise signaling device. I had an anchor in the boat in case I had engine trouble. There were two life vests stowed forward. I had a set of those silly flashlight running lights for those days when I was working overtime. And the kill switch to the engine was clipped to by a belt! I was an illustration for a safe boating course, for crying out loud.

Nonetheless, the officer felt it was his duty to issue me a \$50 ticket. Boy, did the guys in the boatyard get a kick out of that. Every day as I punched out I would get, "Hey Seth, taking that cigarette boat home today?" My nickname was "Speedy" for at least three months.

As a result of all of this I came up with a few ideas. The next time someone asked me if I knew it was manatee season I would say "yup" and point to the head of cabbage and grapping hook I would keep in the bow. The boat was to be rechristened *The Manatee Hunter* and I was going to get some manatee stickers to put on the side with big red Xs through them.

As it turned out, though, not much after this event the outboard was stolen and the boat found banging around under a bridge. Thus it was back to the old Ford Escort station wagon commute and the manatees were safe again.

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More Radio Woes Fog-bound Off Dana Point

By Don Abrams

(Only the yacht name has been changed
to protect the incompetent)

We had returned to the dock at Dana Point, California, just ahead of a thick fog bank and decided to enjoy a sip of brandy to commemorate our rare good judgement. When my friend's son switched on the VHF we immediately discovered that there were lost souls still out on the water. The radio exchanges that followed added a new dimension to the term dead reckoning.

Hopeless: "Dana Point Harbor Patrol, this is *Hopeless*. Can you send someone out to get us?"

Dana Point Harbor Patrol (DPHP): "*Hopeless*, what is the nature of your problem and your location?"

Hopeless: "There's no problem, we just don't know where we are. Can you come get us?"

DPHP: "What was your last known position?"

Hopeless: "We didn't have one, we were sailing."

DPHP: "Well, keep an eye out for anything distinctive that might indicate your position and call us back."

Later...

Hopeless: "There is a large rock right in the middle of the water. Do you know where that is?"

DPHP: "*Hopeless*, there are several locations in the area with offshore rocks."

Hopeless: "Well, it's a really large rock and it's right in the middle of the water."

DPHP: "There are several..."

Hopeless: "It has seals on it!" (We silently wondered if there's a chart symbol for seals.)

DPHP: "There are several..."

Hopeless: "But there're lots and lots of seals."

Later still...

Hopeless: "We just passed a large spherical buoy. Where are we?"

DPHP: "What were the numbers or letters on it?"

Hopeless: "I couldn't see any, I was on the radio."

When the brandy ran out we moved from the boat to a nearby restaurant while *Hopeless* motored on through the fog. A visit to the Harbor Patrol office after dinner revealed that *Hopeless* and her crew had reached home safely, if not expeditiously.

Everyone had left the Cape except my grandmother and me, since I started my junior year of high school a week later than my siblings. Unfortunately I had failed to read all the books on my summer reading list. My sailing, tennis, paper route, and other teen-aged adventures hadn't left me enough time to keep up with the reading. In the remaining week, I calculated, I could read all of them if I got through something like 186 pages a day. So I set to the task, taking breaks only to sleep, dine, or to help my grandmother with the shopping.

A good part of the reading occurred on the water. One day I was in our Amesbury skiff the *Happy*, anchored off a tidal creek. My grandmother had packed hot cream of tomato soup in a jar, which retained its warmth somewhat, a tuna sandwich, and a cob of corn left over from dinner the night before. That day I was reading Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*. He made a seaman's life of 1840 sound like the worst kind of servitude. I found this ironic because to me sailing was the ultimate freedom.

Another day I spent swinging on the moored Herreshoff 12½ sailboat after a quick sail around the island reading George Orwell's *Animal Farm*. This one was a lucky break for me because I'd already read it in junior high school. I could have skipped it but I enjoyed re-reading it. "All animals are equal, but some are more equal than others." This rule seemed to reign in our harbor where gigantic boats with their disruptive wakes often splashed, swamped, or otherwise intimidated smaller craft, even if the juggernauts didn't have the right of way. I resented the wealthy captains of such blue water capable craft who could jaunt off to Nantucket or Newport on a whim. I was too sheltered to appreciate my own good fortune, doing my summer reading while sitting on a sailboat in a quiet harbor eating a lunch packed with love by my grandmother a short row away.

The house was extremely quiet. I didn't have time for music or television and spent nearly all my waking hours reading. My grandmother loved the quiet as well as her role as hostess. She made each meal a special event with dishes to which my recently deceased grandfather had been partial. One of his favorites was steamed spinach served in a small Pyrex cup. She always put a bottle of vinegar on the side as a condiment. I never used it and neither did my grandmother, but she always presented it this way until the day she died because that's how my grandfather had liked it. Any of her profferings I did accept would elicit a cheerful acknowledgement that I thought was somewhat inappropriate and condescending to a nearly 16-year-old, such as, "Okle-dokle-wokle-pokle."

She was already starting to get a little senile. One night we sat by the fire, she dozing and I reading. My grandmother stirred to consciousness and asked me out of the blue, "What county did he come from?"

"What county did who come from?"

"Your great-grandfather, of course," she said with some annoyance. This was an indication of the Alzheimer's disease that was to come. But for now I just shrugged it off and went back to my reading.

The week ended with my bringing in all the gear from the boats and stowing it in the garage out back. I tied the skiff to the stern cleat of the Bullseye and sponged both boats as clean and dry as I could. In a couple of weeks Parker's Boatyard was going to send

Cape Cod Harbors

Summer Reading with Granoa

By Rob Gogan

their launch to tow both boats out of the water and pull the mooring for winter storage. I swam back to shore. I still had reading to do in the car as my grandmother took me to my parents' house the day before school started. I thanked her for her hospitality and told her I loved her.

This time was precious because my grandmother began a quickening march to senility hereafter. She made increasingly bizarre remarks and became delusional. One winter's day my mother told me that my grandmother had sold the dock and the Herreshoff 12½. I could understand her selling the sailboat as by then we had the Bullseye, a comparable boat. But losing the dock meant losing our dry walkway to blue water, our ideal swimming platform, and the scene of so many wonderful memories. My mother was sympathetic to me but she pointed out the worry and expense of having the dock installed every spring, removed every fall to protect it from winter ice damage, stored every winter, and re-painted every other year.

My grandmother had also expressed fear that a strange boat would tie up at the dock and seaborne bandits would march in to the house and invade it. I acknowledged the worry and the nuisance of the dock. But I couldn't help feeling a little resentment towards my grandmother who never once went sailing or even swimming with us as long as she owned the house. I know that my grandfather never would have sold the dock as long as he lived. But, of course, overall I am deeply grateful for the time I was a summer reading scholar with my grandmother when she was still sentient, we still had the Herreshoff, and my grandfather's dock still led out into the harbor.

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The stillness of the Patriarch's studio had been broken by a loud knock announcing Brushes and the Scribe. The Patriarch had just returned from a sketching tour in Holland. At the present moment the blue smoke from three corn-cob pipes filled the cozy interior, and drifted up in uneven lines to the skylight.

"Very charming, my dear fellow," said Brushes, critically examining the Patriarch's color sketch of some Dutch luggers reflected in the canal with the spires of Dordrecht in the distance, "but why tramp the earth in search of the picturesque when Berkshire, the Long Island Coast, and Jersey are right at your door? Some good art begins at home."

The Patriarch leaned back in his chair, looked sidewise at his Academy picture of San Giorgio, nearly completed, incredulously closed one eye, and blew a cloud of Lone Jack through the window.

Brushes took possession of the greater part of a divan covered with skins and continued, "Furthermore, see how you travel. Crowded into a stuffy stateroom or packed into a Pullman. This done, you think you have reached all the luxury of the century and yet here within a mile of us, in fact at the foot of this very street, are half a dozen floating comforts, each one of which contains more actual luxury to the square yard than a fleet of Cunarders. I mean an ordinary canal boat."

Up to this time the Scribe, the proprietor of the third pipe, had kept silent. "What sort of a canal boat, Brushes? An excursion yacht with silk cushions, red and white striped awnings, and a teakettle in the stern with a tin whistle?"

"No, you imaginative quill," replied Brushes, "a plain white painted, three-hatched, and poop-cabined canal boat with two mules ahead and a rudder behind, a skipper to steer, his wife to help cook, and a deck hand forward to snub her in the locks and take a line to the towpath. See here," he continued, springing from the lounge, seizing a piece of charcoal, and reversing a canvas. "Here's your regulation canal boat," and he sketched in the outline of Noah's Ark without the traditional house. "Over this flat deck I mean to rig an awning on movable legs to accommodate low bridges. Down this forward hatch I throw a broad staircase leading into the hold. When you get down into it you will find an interior about 70 feet long, 18 feet wide, with a ceiling some nine feet high, beamed and bracketed like a Venetian banquet hall and furnished like a gallery with three great skylights for air and light. This is your Grand Salon. Up under the bow, between the bracing timbers of the boat, are your butler's pantry and a place for your Allegretti with its ice and provender. Next to it, divided by partitions of straw matting and curtains, are your dressing rooms."

"Now cover the floor of the boat with mattings overlaid with India rugs, hang the walls with tapestries and studio stuff, place against them some cabinets and divans serving as beds by night and lounges by day, build amidships and under the larger hatch your dining table, move in a lot of studio properties, antique chairs, hanging lamps, old water jars, pottery, and brass with some linen, glass, and china, get a good cook and a competent steward and you have a craft compared to which Cleopatra's barge was an Indian dugout."

It was evident that neither the Scribe nor the Patriarch saw these possibilities.

"You don't believe it? Come with me then, in the morning, and pick out a boat. It is

From *The Century Magazine*, August 1887
Submitted by Fred Sannders



exactly the month to make the trip. We want an outing and New Jersey, with its historic associations, quaint houses, and flat stretches of marsh and water, is Holland all over again, even to the windmills."

"'Tis well," said the Scribe, "and we will wire Scraps to join us at Perth Amboy and if your floating Oriental coalbin is unendurable, we will make a tent of the awning, unload the furniture, and camp out at the first lock."

The Patriarch was not convinced but his curiosity conquered. The three agreed to meet the daily North River tow on its arrival at Coenties Slip, New York City, the next morning and the sum of all the adventures growing out of that decision will be found in the succeeding pages.

"Too narrow," said Brushes, peering down the half-lifted hatch of a Lake Champlain boat, "what we want is an Erie boat. Our canal is the Raritan. There are no bridges that do not swing and a 20' laker can slip through any lock without scratching her paint."

Before noon Brushes had traveled over the decks and slid down the hatches of half the boats in the basin. Some were too low, others under charter, one was full of potatoes, another loaded with a miscellaneous cargo of chairs, cheese, bales of straw, and wooden ware, a few were loaded with grain, and only one or two empty.

"Say, Cap," yelled out a red-shirted, straw-hatted skipper from the cabin window of a canal boat, "Dusenberry's got a boat jes suit you. Regular long-waister, she is. No thwart timbers, hatches more'n ten feet across, and a daisy of a kitchen and cabin. She is hauled out at Hoboken. Dusenberry's been paintin' on her."

"What's her name?"

"The *Seth G. Cowles*."

In ten minutes the party had crossed the ferry, Brushes forging ahead and the Scribe and the Patriarch catching their breath three blocks behind. There was no mistaking the boat. She lay high and dry on the mudflats with her name in gold letters freshly painted across her stern. The nautical eye of Brushes took in her points at a glance. He was heard to say, "Twenty foot beam, wide hatches, flush deck, cabin well aft, bow high, and tight as a drum." Dusenberry came up, paint brush in hand, and confirmed Brushes' favorable opinion. The price was agreed upon and all arrangements completed to deliver her at the foot of East 31st Street at high water a few days later.

The succeeding two days were spent in the construction of an awning with a patent up-and-down folding movement, making a

staircase with protecting railings, fitting up a butler's pantry with racks for dishes, shelves for groceries, and the like.

Each man had his duties. All carpenter work and fittings were, of course, Brushes'. The Patriarch had charge of the decoration, tapestry, furniture, studio properties, etc, the Scribe, the crockery, glass, kitchenware, and domestic comforts while Scraps, who had rushed in hot haste from Perth Amboy, was a committee of one for provisions and steward's supplies in general. Under the Scribe's care came also the selection of a steward. At the end of the second day he produced a light colored mulatto, all collar and shoes, with the bow of a folding jackknife and the manners of a diplomat. His name was Moses.

The eventful day and the *Cowles* came in at about the same hour for, with the economical habits of her distinguished commander, Captain Dusenberry, she swung in at daylight so as to gain half a day on her charter, and before the Patriarch had broken the shell of his egg at breakfast word came that the *Cowles* was alongside of the string piece and ready for cargo.

Later the same day the furniture and fittings were on board and crowds from the neighboring ferries began to take an interest in the proceedings, so did the wharf rats who fringed the hatches till the last moment.

Brushes sent his cello, the Scribe his guitar, while Scraps brought his voice. Before night the *Cowles* had developed from a canal boat grub to a butterfly Venetian barge. Even Captain Dusenberry, who had uneasily watched the transformation from his seat beside the tiller, was heard to say to his wife, "Marthy, old *Seth* looks like a circus." To him, as to the boatmen, lockmen, drivers, and others of their sort who clambered on board, at invitation or without it, many times a day during the trip, the floating studio was a veritable wonder, an accumulation of much that was rich, strange, and beautiful to them and of many rare objects of art at which they could only express astonishment, not always complimentary.

About a quarter of the hold under the forward deck had been curtained off for the use of the steward and for the storage of his supplies and a corner of this space near the stairs, which led down the forward hatch, was reserved as a dressing room. All open space under the stern hatch, separated from the salon by heavy old draperies of satin and embroidered silk through which the light from the after-hatch shed a soft illumination, was reserved for the storage of personal baggage, extra cots for expected friends,

elaborate mosquito nettings, sketching traps, and art materials enough to last the whole summer. Thus the entire central portion of the hold, a space of 60 or 70 feet, became the salon and upon its adornment and convenient arrangement all the assembled taste and experience were centered.

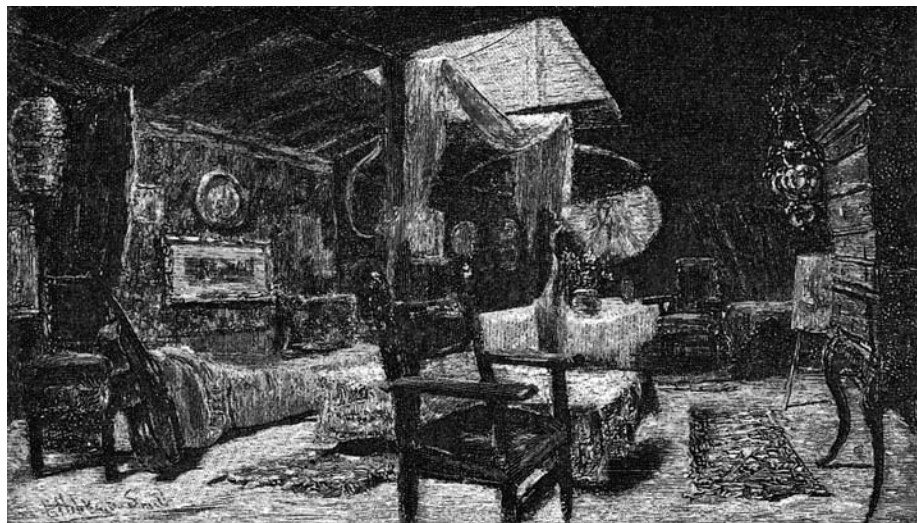
The walls from floor to ceiling were covered with old tapestries and upon them were hung rare etchings, delf plaques, brass sconces, and choice pictures. There was still plenty of room to tack up sketches as fast as made. At intervals, along the side, Venetian church lamps, a censer or two, and some richly-hued marine lanterns were suspended from the dark, heavy beams which upheld the deck and served as a magnificent ribbed ceiling, low and agreeable in tone and beautiful in its curved lines. At the further end of the salon was built a permanent table of generous dimensions, placed longitudinally, which served as a dining table and which became, between meals and in the evening, a common center across which were exchanged the adventures of the day and the plans for the morrow. About it were grouped a number of carved and ornamented antique armchairs of large pattern, each one of which was to its neighbor a stranger from a strange land. Holland, Spain, Italy, Mexico, England, and Plymouth Rock jogged elbows and trod under their feet prayer rugs from Smyrna, Bokhara, and Hindostan.

The coal-stained floor and the battered keelson upon which had been dumped many a ton of anthracite, carefully scrubbed and cleaned, were covered throughout the length of the boat with fresh, clean China matting. The cots along the side were perfectly disguised as divans and brought into "tone" by a judicious use of Turkish and India rugs, camel's hair blankets, etc. A carved oaken chest, of the 13th century served as a sideboard and from the opposite side an English high chest of drawers of 200 years ago flaunted its brass handles. A Japanese bronze vase, as high as the back of an old-fashioned chair, richly ornamented in relief with tangled gods and sacred snakes, degraded from the splendor for which it deservedly intended now served as a depository for smoking materials.

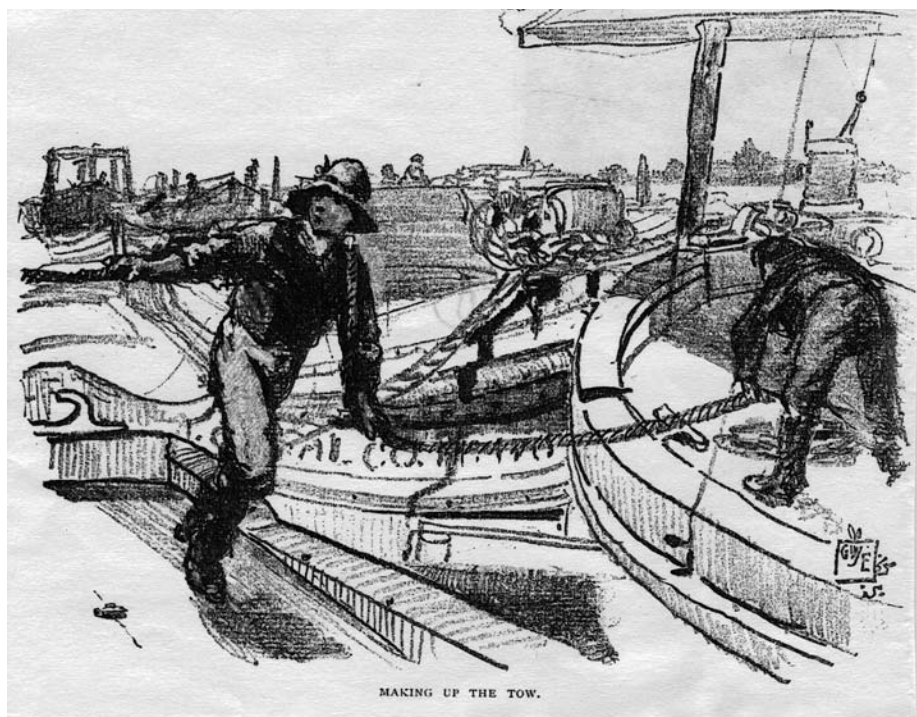
Nearby an old-fashioned writing desk, always open, presented a continual opportunity for communication with the unfortunates in the outside world. Above it a shelf or two of well-used favorites (chief among them the Patriarch's *Dante* and the *Bhagavata Gita*) with the current magazines and a few light publications of the year. An easel or two, colored silk draperies at the main hatch to diffuse the light, bracketed and swinging lamps at convenient intervals, and brass plaques to catch wandering, rays, completed the interior.

"Let go your bow line!" sang out the captain of the tug *Young America*, getting up the boats for the night's tow. The crew sprang literally as one man, re-inforced by the Scribe who had sailed a yacht to Mt Desert and felt his position. However, despite the Scribe's assistance, the *Cowles* swung clear and floated out into the East River to join a group of empty coal boats forming a part of the great tow bound for Perth Amboy and the entrance of the Raritan Canal at New Brunswick. It was near the close of an August day. A gentle breeze fluttered the apron around the top of the awning and scattered over the deck the loose leaves of an unguarded portfolio.

The *Young America*, with her miscellaneous assortment of canal boats, dodged here



The Grand Salon.



Making up the tow.

Wharf rats.



and there across the river, now stopping at Newtown Creek and then at several wharves on the Brooklyn side and so on under the

bridge to the Erie Basin. Each addition to the tow brought its complement of wharf rats, evidently attracted by the unusual appearance

of the *Cowles*. They boarded the craft from all sides, hung their legs over the main hatch, and made themselves entirely at home with everything within reach.

Hey, Jimmy," said one of a group lying flat over the rim of the hatch with their legs spread out like the ribs of a Japanese fan, "ain't them daisy chromos? Say, mister, wot's the brass jug?" The Patriarch had with infinite pains brought the battered and patched article from Dordrecht and on the present occasion it stood on the sideboard in the salon filled with flowers. Seizing the chance of an object lesson, he explained that it was a can in which the girls in Holland carried milk, can at each end of a shoulder rest, sometimes walking a mile or two to a market.

"Huh, full o' beer it wouldn't get half that far," was what he got for his pains.

Another produced a wet baseball and begged Scraps to catch his curves. Another scaled a post and ran the length of the awning, skipping every other brace and at the end falling into the arms of Dusenberry, who dropped him over the high stern and nearly into the lip of an old woman who was peeling potatoes for the evening meal on the deck of a lower canal boat.

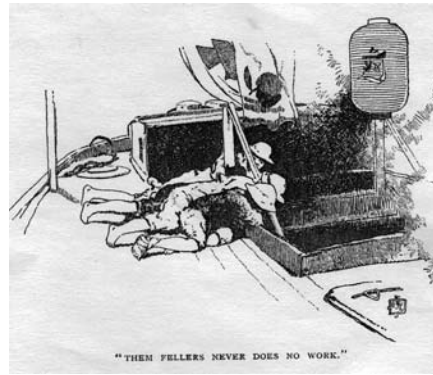
The main tow for Raritan is made up at Communipaw Flats. Here the harbor tugs bring the boats from their various docks. The loaded boats are placed in the center and the light ones outside. It is the business of the towmaster to see that all the expected boats are accounted for, in proper places, and that the whole tow is well made up. He has quarters on the wharf boat, an old craft with a house on deck anchored on the flats, and is a power in his way.

It was long after dark when the main tow shunted her charge, including the *Cowles*, alongside the wharfboat and then, with a parting salute, melted into the gloom. The night was intensely dark. Against the overcast sky the lights on the Brooklyn Bridge sparkled like a huge necklace of diamonds and the ferry boats flew about like fireflies. At the wharf boat were one or two dim lanterns and near the bow of each canal was a lantern of uncertain hue, but intended to be white. A short distance upstream an enormous double-decked tug lay in wait like a huge monster, its two white lights at the mastheads describing dizzy curves as she rolled about. Now and then her open furnace doors illuminated the tow from end to end, investing the figures of the men as they moved about with the appearance of unearthly and intangible beings.

When fairly off, the life on the boats assumed a new phase. The majority were empty coal boats, "Chunkers" from Mauch Chunk or "Skukers" from Schuylkill Haven and each one carried a crew of two, among the 30 boats in the tow fully one-half had on board the wives and children of the captains. Suddenly, all over the tow fires were lighted in the little coal stoves on deck and the evening meal, put off until underway, was in preparation. Odors were wafted to the *Cowles* that bespoke a feast somewhere to windward. The awning, aglow from the light from the hatches, became a shining mark, attracting all the boys and men of the tow. The men said little but the boys made up for any inattention of this kind.

Say, Billy," said one who until then had been silent, "them fellers never does no work."

At last the deck was deserted, the hatches were pulled over so as to keep out the



"Them fellers never does no work."

damp and yet admit a draft, and in a few moments all was dark and quiet.

"Come, boys, tumble out and come up on deck and see Holland." It was Scraps in his pajamas. The tow was approaching Perth Amboy where Moses announced coffee on deck. The Raritan finds its sinuous way through broad green salt meadows that stretch off like soft carpets until they meet the clay beds and tangled woods of the Jersey shore. It was indeed Holland, the same flat landscape and long stretches of marsh. One constantly expected a windmill to appear on the sedge or the spires and crooked tiled roofs of a Dutch village.

In the morning light the tow was a busy and interesting scene. The boats at the head were arranged six abreast, the strongest among the loaded ones being selected to take the strain of the cables from the tugboat. The rest fell in behind, the bow of each one being brought up snug under the stern of the boat ahead and securely made fast. To prevent the tow from spreading, cables were stretched from the bow of each boat to the stern of its immediate neighbors and so the whole mass was held fast, but with sufficient play to admit of easy motion when swung by the current or twisted by the tug.

Here was a community which spent the summer months traveling. Germans, Hungarians, Canadian French, Pennsylvania Dutch, and Maine Yankees made up its population. At an early hour in the morning the families were eating their ham and eggs and sipping boiled coffee, seated with their children on the deck houses or the water barrels or perhaps on the slanting hatches through which the coal is dumped into the hold. On one boat the woman was hanging out the wash, on another the men were mending harness and splicing the tow ropes. The latter boat evidently came from some far off point where the teams were not provided by the canal company for it carried two big mules of its own in a huge box amidships.

Boats belonging to the coal company were all low, long, and narrow and often without any cabins or accommodations for the crew of two. On their bows were painted the numbers by which their movements were traced. The "Chunkers" were frequently of the "lemon-squeezer" pattern. This craft is best understood by imagining two square sterned boats brought together stern to stern and fastened so by bolts and chains. In narrow canals they are turned in sections and each hull can be loaded at the same time at different wharves.

Scraps had found at the head of the tow a boat of unusual interest. The cabin and the

tiller were protected from the sun by a red and white striped awning with a scalloped edge stretched across portable posts. The diminutive windows were curtained with embroidered muslin. On the cabin room were soft cushions, a rocking chair, and a small worktable and in the canvas hammock slung between the posts was a girl. Her father, a grizzled old canal dog, had swabbed his decks while the fire was coming up and was now frying the steak and potatoes.

Later in the day they visited the *Cowles*. The girl was about 18, dressed in clean calico. Her sunbonnet, pushed back, hung behind her neck. Her abundant black hair was gathered straight back into a knot. She had a well-rounded and gracefully robust figure and arms like those of an antique statue. Altogether she was totally unlike any preconceived notions of what would be found on a canal boat. Her father owned his boat and the mules which had been left at New Brunswick on the down trip. All the summer they carried freight and in the winter lived on a little farm in the mountains. The mother was dead and this girl was her father's only deck hand. She could snub a boat like a man or steer one into a lock with a touch that would not have cracked an egg.



"She could snub a boat like a man."

The tows always take advantage of the tide and on this particular day a breeze up the river added its modicum of power. No stop was made until New Brunswick was reached. As soon as the tow was made fast the Patriarch and the Scribe went ashore in search of a tow rope, which the over-cautious Captain Dusenberry omitted to include in his outfit, to engage a team, and to pay the towage up the canal. This town is the headquarters of the canal traffic. Here are the company's offices and just beyond is the first lock. The mule stables where the teams were kept, the boarding houses for the men, and the grocery, hardware, and fancy goods stores were together along the waterfront.

The canal follows the left bank of the river. No sooner is the tow fairly within the bight than the towmaster begins breaking it up. The boats are in turn shunted into the lock by a steam windlass. Once in the lock the boat finds its team of four mules, tandem,

waiting on the towpath in charge of a driver. If there are not enough teams to go around there is nothing to do but to wait until one comes down with a boat bound out and gets its feed and a half hour rest before starting back. It was for the purpose of making sure of a team, and a lively one, that the Patriarch and the Scribe visited the company's offices. The mission was accomplished, the authorities were entertained on board the *Cowles*, and about noon Dusenberry, assuming command, gave word to the tow boy and started the four white mules. A day's work for a team is 14 miles and therefore Ten Mile Lock, 2½ miles above Bound Brook station, was to be the end of the day's journey.

Without incident and without danger, save the brief period when the Scribe essayed to steer, the boat slid along at the average rate of about three miles an hour. Every turn in the canal developed something worth sketching. Constantly the mules were halted and the *Cowles* made fast to the heel path out of the way of passing boats. From the high deck the canal seemed to be running uphill and the river much further beneath than it actually was. The motion of the boat was like that of an Indian canoe well paddled. It is an ideal way to travel. Here is a highway which the traveling world has abandoned. No dust, no noise, no hurry, no train-boy, stopping when you like, plenty of pure air, and for fresh vegetables you have only to run out a plank, and go ashore to the nearest farmhouse.

"What time will you lunch, gentlemen?" said Moses as he passed the milk punch. This was a matter to be considered once and for all for the daily routine must be laid out.

"Now," was the reply, "and after this coffee on deck at eight, breakfast at twelve, something quiet at four, and dinner at eight. Today give us a broiled chicken and a lettuce salad."

"Yesser, but there ain't no lettuce."

"Plenty of it in sight," said the Patriarch, pointing with his cigarette holder to Jersey farm.

"Whoa, there!" said Scraps. The leader of the team pricked up its ears and stopped, the boat shot ahead until her headway was spent, and then hugged the bank.

Loaded with instructions to buy anything that was edible, Moses took his way across a field and through an orchard, swinging a basket in either hand. In half an hour he returned with lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, milk, eggplant, and three spring chickens. Once more the mules took up the slack and after an hour of patient plodding the bridge across the Raritan at Bound Brook hove in sight. Passing through the lock and around three gentle curves they came in sight of the whitewashed buildings and willows of Ten Mile Lock, the first station on the canal.

Just beyond the lock at the end of the crib the *Cowles* found convenient spiles sunk in the heel path and there, within 200 yards of fresh milk and new butter, the second night was spent.

In the morning the regular routine began. First a plunge overboard into the cool water, then coffee and rolls. Then sketching ashore or on board or perhaps a brisk turn along the tow path. After breakfast a siesta or a nap on deck under the awnings. In the evening after dinner a chat, a smoke, and a long night's rest, with the pure country air to expand the lungs and foster the appetite.

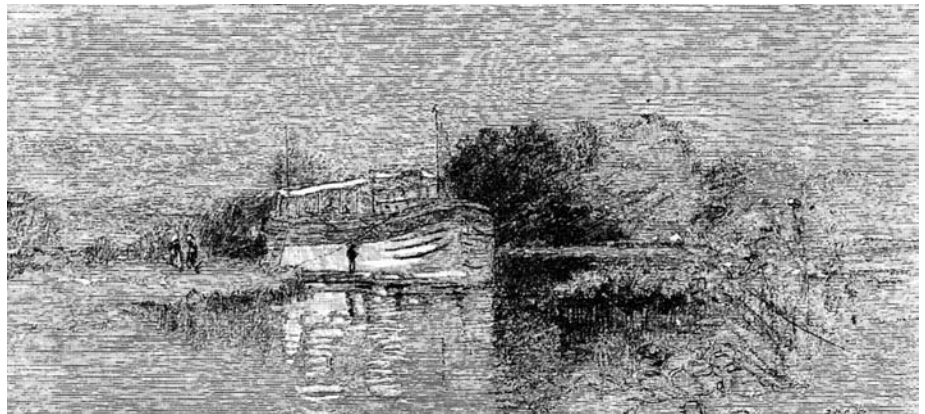
With the next day's run to Kingston a more picturesque country was entered. Afar off peach orchards were descried. At the railroad stations and at the locks baskets were

piled high en route to the New York markets. The canal from Kingston to Trenton is lined with picturesque spots. The tow path at Princeton runs for miles along the bottom of a steep bank from the top of which beautiful old trees cast their shadows halfway to the opposite bank. It is like a cultivated park. The drivers and their mules linger in the grateful shade, reluctant to hasten on to the barren open fields and dusty roads which mark the approach to Trenton.

(To be Continued)



New Brunswick: The coal docks.



The *Cowles* in harbor at ten mile lock.

Above the lock at Kingston.



The International Scene

The UN's World Food Programme said it cannot feed at least 90 million of the world's population unless it finds more donors of food and funds. High food prices, especially for grains, is one problem, as is that WFP operates in many dangerous or difficult areas of the world and is having trouble finding shipping that will go there. In 2007 the biggest contributor, the US, purchased less than half the amount of food it bought in 2000.

South Korea hopes to ban single-hulled tankers from its waters after 2011. The disastrous 10,500-tonne spill from the *Hebei Spirit* was the trigger. The crude oil tanker was at anchor when a barge being towed by two tugs in snotty weather broke free and slammed into the *Hebei Spirit*. Authorities tried to spread the blame as far as possible, even arresting the *Hebei Spirit's* master for not having moved his anchored vessel. The tanker is Chinese and the tugs and barge belong to one of Korea's largest firms. The masters of the tugs and barge were also arrested, as was the *Hebei Spirit*. (Both were later released.)

Some financial types are getting nervous about the container trade. It is true that container shipping between the Far East and Europe is expected to grow at 20% per year and there will be a 60% growth in fleet capacity in the next five years, but traffic eastbound across the Pacific continues to soften as the US deals with the housing slump, the less-than-prime-rate-loans problem, rising fuel costs, and other worries.

Economies of scale don't always function. Chronic port congestion and high ship-building prices could mean that 8,000-teu ships built a couple of years ago are cheaper per container slot than the 10,000-teu ships now being built.

Drought-stricken Catalonia may use tankers to bring water to Barcelona.

Thin Place and Hard Knocks

Some ships sank: The log carrier *Emerald* capsized off the Brunei coast and only six were saved.

Off of Puerto Rico the master of the 220' Panamanian cargo vessel *Capitan L* notified the US Coast Guard that he was adrift and without fuel but would make necessary repairs and continue on to the Dominican Republic. A Coast Guard helicopter delivered food, water and a dewatering pump. Soon he radioed that the chief engineer had chest pains and had trouble breathing so another Coast Guard helicopter took him ashore. Then the master radioed that his ship was sinking so two more Coast Guard helicopters took the crew to shore in deteriorating weather.

Some collided: The crude oil tanker *Samco Europe* and the container ship *MSC Prestige* bumped off Djibouti.

The passenger ro-ro *Frisia II* collided with the pax ro-ro *Frisia I* in thick fog at Norddeich in Germany. The *Frisia I* was left lying on the beach with holes in its side.

Some went aground: The big container ship *LT Cortesia* ran aground in the Dover Straits. The Emergency Towing Vessel *Anglian Monarch* stood by until tugs pulled the 8,000-teu ship free.

The cargo vessel *Leonid Leonov* was freed by a tugboat after running onto a sandbar in the River Teign.

Some had fires: In the Far East a fire on the Russian fishing vessel *Vincent* killed at least four.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Other bad things happened: The small tanker *Karisma Selatan* capsized in a central Indonesian port and spilled much of its cargo of 4,000 barrels of oil.

In the Antarctic the British trawler *Argos Georgia* was stuck in the ice in the Ross Sea for more than a week awaiting an engine part that was eventually dropped from a US Air Force C-17 Globemaster.

In San Francisco a crane toppled into a drydock. The operator was scooped up by a tugboat, unhurt.

At Ajan Port a Bangladeshi was killed and an Indian seriously injured when containers being loaded on the *Mansour* fell when the ship listed under their weight.

In Singapore two Indians died and another was in serious condition after inhaling toxic fumes on the tanker *Anjasmoto*.

A US longshoreman sued a Saudi company for \$85 million plus interest for an accident aboard the *Saudi Abha* that damaged his spine. He was driving a hustler pulling a trailer loaded with lumber and was unable to stop the vehicle on a steep ramp.

Northeast of Attu the *Mathawee Naree*, loaded with 28,000 tons of copper concentrates, called for Coast Guard help. Have you wondered why so many merchant ships sail north of the Aleutians? Stretch a piece of string across a globe from the US northwest to Japan.

Off Cape Cod contaminated fuel stopped the Cuban container ship *Agaman*, and three ships summoned by the Coast Guard's AMVER system stood by and provided communications until a tug could arrive and tow the vessel to New Jersey for repairs.

In China the *Xianghan Shouwei 0298* took on water and half sank and authorities had the devil of a time salvaging its cargo of 130 tons of dangerous caustic soda.

The powerless chemical tanker *Mariella* drifted within 60 yards of going aground in Weymouth Bay and there was less than one metre of water under its keel when the Emergency Towing Vessel *Anglian Earl* got a line on it and towed it to safety in Portland Port, UK. Winds were in excess of 50 knots and a considerable swell was running.

Gray Fleets

Although firms in other countries may be asked to transfer technology, Brazil and a French company will probably build Brazil's first nuclear-powered submarine. A conventionally powered sub may be built first. No nuclear weapons will be involved.

Although short of cash, Bulgaria wanted frigates and so a French company offered to build and sell Bulgaria four stealthy Gowind 200 Class corvettes (essentially small frigates) at about \$300 million each. Then Belgium offered two Wieleingen Class frigates, 30 years old but in great shape, and tossed in a modern Tripartite Class minesweeper, all for \$72 million. Since Bulgaria's main concern is smugglers in the Black Sea and it already has a Wieleingen Class frigate, it accepted the offer. It may buy the French corvettes later.

Russia put a new nuclear submarine into service. The *Yury Dolgoruky* is fitted with the

new SSN-30 Bulava missile system whose MIRV warheads can reach 8,000km.

And at an international maritime exhibition in Malaysia, Russia offered its Project 630 submarine with integrated missile complex and the next-generation Amur 1650 submarine.

Although India announced it would have a home-built nuclear-powered submarine ready by 2009 and was negotiating with Russia to lease such a submarine on which the Indian Navy could train personnel, India also announced that it would not provide another \$1.2 billion to Russia to finish work on the aircraft carrier *Admiral Gorshkov*. "...we must have a multi-vendor opportunity," said the Indian navy chief.

South Korea took delivery of its first 214 class submarine. Major components of the *Son Won II* were built in Germany and South Korea is the third nation to operate such fuel cell-propelled subs.

Japan's AEGIS-equipped destroyer *JS Kongo* (DDG-173) probably had an upgraded ballistic missile defense system on board when it shot down a ballistic missile in US test flights somewhere near Hawaii.

Taiwan celebrated two decades of owning submarines.

Iranian speedboats, probably operated by the Revolutionary Guard, played around three US Navy warships transiting the Strait of Hormuz at high speed and language used was provocative, mentioning explosives and explosions in a few minutes as the boats' occupants threw boxes overboard. Iran later announced that such actions were "normal" and maybe mistakes were made in identifying the cruiser *USS Port Royal*, the destroyer *USS Hopper*, and the frigate *USS Ingraham*.

White Fleets

In July 2006 a wildly swerving and listing *Crown Princess* caused injuries to 227 passengers and 57 crew members shortly after leaving Port Canaveral, Florida. A recent accident report revealed that incorrect settings of the ship's navigation system and high speed in shallow waters had caused the autopilot to act erratically so the second officer switched it off and took the wheel. But he turned it the wrong way at first, then overcorrected, and the ship listed sharply. "I was just trying to do whatever I could to stop what was happening," he later testified.

There was a unique meeting of royalty. Careful scheduling enabled the *Queen Elizabeth 2*, the *Queen Mary 2*, and the new *Queen Victoria* to meet and sail past the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. Naturally the occasion was celebrated by fireworks and festivities. The *QE2* was on her last global cruise before retiring in November to become a five-star hotel in Dubai and she sailed across the Atlantic to New York in close company with the *Queen Victoria*. That passage may not have been much fun for passengers, photos taken from each vessel showed that both were pitching enough to bury bows in seas and kick sterns up high.

About 25 passengers (out of 3,000) on the new *Queen Victoria* were struck by a nasty stomach bug on its second voyage and some claimed that it was all because the ship was christened by Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall, rather than by the Queen.

The Norwegian cruise ship *Fram*, normally a part of the Hurtigruten service to Norwegian ports, managed to lose power in the Antarctic and drifted into a gla-

cier. Nobody was hurt but a lifeboat was destroyed. Soon after the company flew 300 passengers home.

Bad things continued to happen on the *Pacific Star*. This time a New Zealand woman claimed she was raped by an Australian man while she was asleep in her cabin. She said she was too drunk to recall all the details. He claimed it was sex by consent but she showed signs of having been hit. Both were flown home from a stop at New Caledonia, the man uncharged.

And a convicted Australian sex offender was taken off the *Pacific Dawn* and expelled by Vanuatu authorities. He was the fourth pedophile to get the Vanuatu exit treatment in the past three months.

The skipper of the yacht *Avocet*, an entry in the Atlantic Rally for Cruisers, sustained serious head injuries and was picked up by the cruise ship *Costa Mediterranean* in mid-Atlantic. He later died in a hospital in Barbados.

Those That Go Back and Forth

In Australia a "bucks" (stag?) party on the *Maheno* on a Yarra River cruise found excitement when it hit something, water entered the engine room and the 50' vessel sank within 15 minutes. Another ferry rescued all 24 on board and authorities praised the crew for getting the anchor down before the ship hit the bottom of the channel.

The brand new British Columbia ferry *Coastal Renaissance* arrived from Germany with a dent in its side from contacting a structure in the Panama Canal and a shattered bridge window from hull flexing during the 10,000-mile delivery trip.

The new Australian-built catamaran fast ferry *Shinas* hit 55.9 knots (better than 63mph) during sea trials and will operate for the Sultanate of Omani at 52 knots. Both are records for a diesel-powered ferry currently in commercial service.

Legal Matters

The second officer of the ferry *Pride of Bilbao* was cleared of a charge of manslaughter involving a close pass-by of the sailing yacht *Ouzo* off the UK that may have killed its three sailors.

A Canadian court found the Hong Kong-based bulk carrier *Andre* guilty of a spill of 5,000 litres of oil while bunkering in Vancouver Harbor in 2006. The owners were fined C\$5,000 and ordered to pay C\$75,000 towards study, conservation, and protection of migratory bird habitat in the Georgia Basin.

A US court was tougher on the owners of the Greek *Kriton*. Its crew repeatedly dumped oily sludge into the sea and then presented false records. Federal prosecutors asked for a \$9 million fine but the judge decided on a milder (but stiff) \$4.9 million.

Two Greek firms will pay \$35,000 because the motorship *Oinoussian* failed to keep its oil records correctly.

Illegal Imports

Smuggling humans into more desirable countries is a \$10 billion per year business and between 700,000 and two million people are involved in human trafficking worldwide each year. For an Asian to reach Australia or Canada may cost him between \$12,000 and \$15,000. An immigrant being taken from an Asian country into Europe must pay \$2-5,000 for travel by land or \$4-6,000 if by sea. If the end destination is the UK, the cost may be up

to \$10,000 and to the US the tally is between \$12-15,000.

People and drugs! The Portuguese police sized 9.4 metric tons of cocaine hidden in a container on a ship in Lisbon and broke up an international smuggling gang. The cocaine was dissolved in a frozen liquid that was part of a shipment of octopus.

Nature

In a first, the 400' freighter *Beluga Skysails* sailed from Hamburg trans-Atlantic to Boston, its progress helped by a \$725,000 giant sky kite that may reduce fuel consumption by 20% under favorable conditions. Winds a few hundred feet above the water are considerably more powerful than at the surface.

In the Philippines a dead whale shark, the world's largest fish, was found caught on the icebreaker on the cargo ship *Elena* when it stopped at Cebu. An icebreaker is a vertical triangular plate installed behind a propeller to steer floating ice chunks away from the propeller blades.

In the Norwegian sector of the North Sea the tanker *Navion Britannica* was unloading oil from a storage buoy associated with the Statfjord A platform when about 25,000 barrels of oil spilled. It was probably Norway's second largest spill.

Exxon/Mobil plans to build an offshore LNG unloading and storage facility off New Jersey and out of sight of land. Two LNG carriers would unload each week.

Yemeni islands in the Red Sea were endangered by the sinking of a ship carrying 10,000 head of livestock and another sinking of a ship carrying a huge amount of pesticides. Fishing was stopped until the effects of the pesticides can be determined.

Greenpeace sailed its *Esperanza* to harry and possibly stop Japanese whaling in the Antarctic and the carefully unarmed Australian icebreaker *Oceanic Viking* (they actually removed its guns) also sailed southward. It will monitor what will go on. Australia has formally protested the killing of 935 minke whales, 50 fins, and (added this year) 50 humpback whales.

Metal Bashing

What undoubtedly will be the world's largest ship will be built for a Swiss-based shipping group. The *Pieter Schelte*, designed to decommission deepwater oil platforms, will be about 1,200' long by 400' wide, think of two super-tankers side by side. It will displace 840,000 tons and can lift 48,000 tons. "There is no market for this right now but the market is expected to be huge," said one expert observer. The vessel will cost more than \$1 billion to build and will have a crew of 450.

Many observers are beginning to believe that the boom in Chinese ship building may be similar to the boom-bubble in dotcom companies a few years back. It is true that many new Chinese yards have orders but other companies are taking orders even though construction facilities don't yet exist. In any case, where are yards going to get enough skilled workers (and perhaps high quality materials)? Other experts have pointed out that exports constitute 40% of China's business but uses much imported equipment and materials so the true level of Chinese exports is closer to 10%, a figure below the US's export level.

Matson got its controversial *Mokihana* back into service. The container ship was

converted in Japan by adding a large, tall vehicle garage at the stern that can carry ro-ro equipment such as 1,200 automobiles while the front half of the ship continues to carry containers (up to 1,000). Competitors complained that the conversion in a foreign country violated the Jones Act.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Reported piracy attempts were up 10% last year with Nigeria and Somalia being the hot spots and Indonesia becoming calmer and most low-level attacks aimed at theft from ships. There were 263 reported attacks (vs 239 in 2006), 18 vessels were hijacked (vs 14), 292 crew members were held hostage (vs 188), and 63 people were kidnapped off their ships. Guns were used in 72 incidents, up 35% percent. The incident total was the first increase since 2003.

Odd Bits

It was merely luck that a union bidding process produced what it produced but the 2,360-teu container ship *Horizon Navigator* sailed from Honolulu with an all-woman bridge crew. Two of the three officers were classmates at the same maritime college.

Norway plans to bore a 5,577' tunnel that will allow shipping to avoid the area of Stad, an area famed for its dangerous seas. Cost will be about \$310 million and the project would take five years.

When the tanker *Alaskan Navigator* arrived from Alaska it was found that a fluke on one of its two Dutch-made anchors was cracked. It will get a new anchor, one made in South Korea. Last year the same tanker lost one of its original Chinese-made anchors and both were replaced with the Dutch versions. When the tanker sailed its spot at Pier 66 was taken by the Matson container ship *Maui*, which had its bridge windows blown out by ocean waves near Cope Flattery.

In the Western Isles (the outer Hebrides) a mysterious cylinder, looking much like a fuel tank from some satellite or spacecraft, drifted ashore on Stinky Beach (the local name comes from its rotting seaweed) and was discovered by a dog walker. The object was almost 89' long (or high) and may have been a bulk storage silo.

An ancient Chinese ship dating back to the Song dynasty (960-1279 AD) was successfully raised. The *Nanhai 1* treasury ship was covered by mud that protected it and is in perfect condition.

Head Shaker

When the Scottish tug *Flying Phantom* was overturned and sank unseen in extremely thick fog while acting as bow tug for the freighter *Jasmine* on the Clyde, Jamie Short-house, a crewman on another escorting tug, the *Warrior III*, got uneasy and called a buddy who operated a launch service. Keith Russell went out and spotted the lone survivor swimming in frigid water in the thick fog. Three others went down with the tug.



25 Years Ago in MAIB

Firefly... George Kelley's Mini-Dragger

Report and Photos by Bob Hicks

George Kelley's *Firefly* isn't exactly a traditional small craft, she's a 27' long scale replica of a 65' Gamage dragger. But nevertheless, she was the hit of the Osterville TSCA meet tied up at the dock or out on the cruise carrying along those who were without boats of their own. George was enjoying it all, puffing on his pipe and cordially issuing permission to go aboard to those who asked.

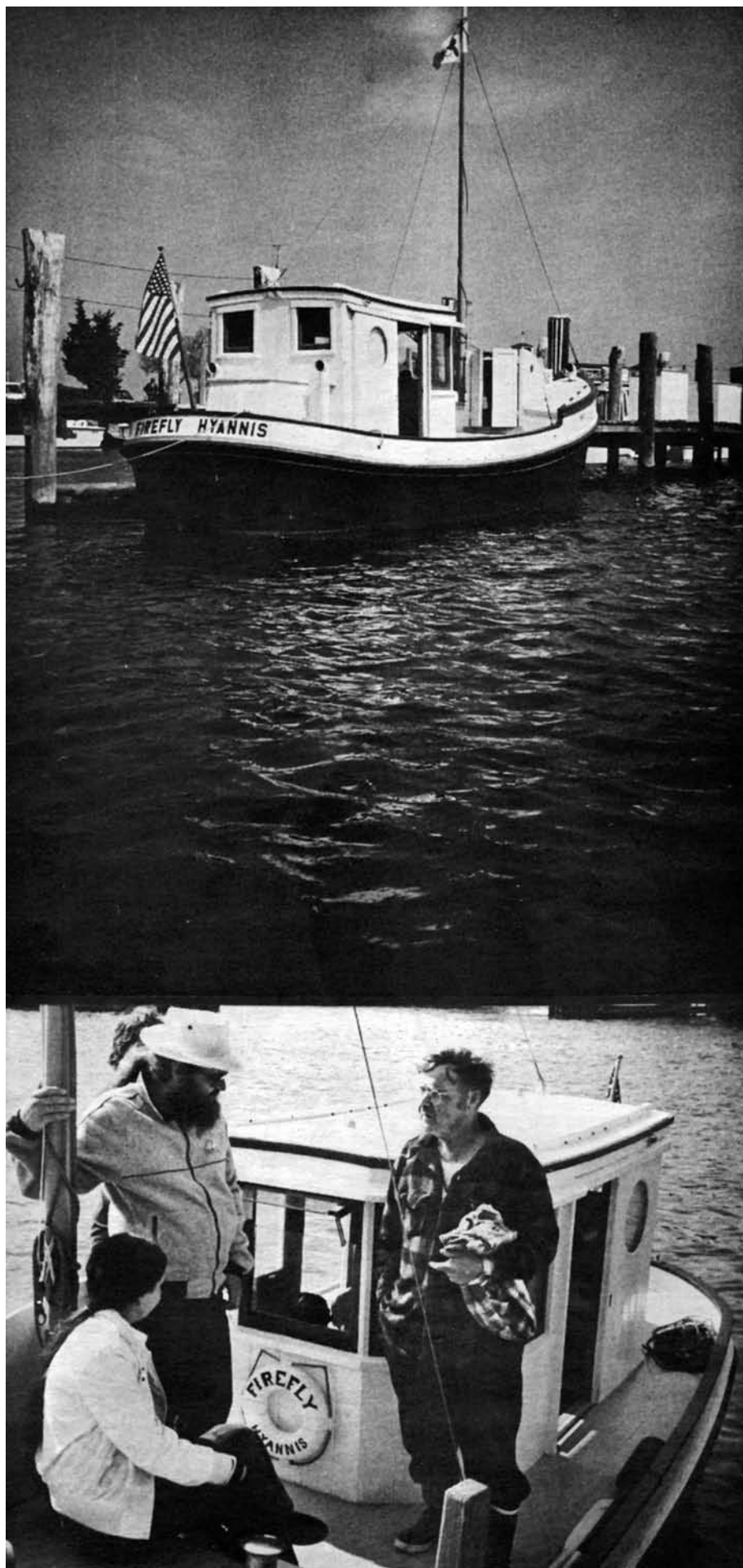
George spent two years building this boat. Now, he says, he can travel out to Nantucket if he chooses and not just sit on shore at his Hyannis home and look out there. George's previous building projects have mostly been small sail and oar-powered craft not suitable for a retired insurance man to cruise across Vineyard Sound in. With her 35hp outboard (in a well behind the wheelhouse) *Firefly* has no problem with such a trip.

So a scale replica of a Gamage dragger. Well, not quite. George explains that the wheelhouse, if to scale, would be about knee high. And getting into the forepeak living quarters through a scaled hatch would have presented problems, even for a slightly built fellow like George. So there are some deviations from a faithfulness to scale. It doesn't matter, the boat is an utter delight to anyone who likes workboat style and is ever so well matched to her builder.

George conns *Firefly* from a high stool pivoted on the wheelhouse floor with engine controls at his right hand, wheel right up front. Shelves provide space for tobacco and pipes and charts, behind him more shelf space with framed photos on the wall, all of it a bit like picking up his favorite setting spot at home and placing it all afloat. Up forward the raised foredeck looms up with the Charlie Noble to port and companionway hatch to starboard.

And below decks up forward is home afloat. Sitting headroom arranged for ease of single handed cruising. Bunk back in under the wheelhouse floor, settee to starboard with countertop and basin opposite beside the little cast iron Little Cod coal stove. The interior is finished in a satin varnish, furniture and ceiling all of a piece. A small, head-sized skylight permits a look around from below if need be. No problem keeping warm and dry here if the need arose, and eating well as well.

Right behind the wheelhouse is a low, white-boxed enclosure housing the outboard. "Used to be the captain's toilet on the full size boat," George explains. The outboard



Top photo: *Firefly* has pretty lines for a workboat.

Bottom photo: George Kelley talks about his dreamboat to Dave Howard and Melissa Withers.



is a gesture in the direction of economy and ease of use rather than fitting in an inboard Diesel of comparable power. It really is the only aspect of the whole creation that dispels the illusion of somehow being on a full size dragger heading out. The two-stroke whine instead of a Diesel chug-a-chug-a-chug is a whole lot less expensive and, after all, George is a retired guy living modestly.

Early Sunday afternoon as the assembled small craft folks faded away homeward over the highways, *Firefly* was headed out the channel through West Bay, ahead an along-shore cruise back to home port in Hyannis. Towed behind was John Burke's heavy Culler wherry, tied alongside was George's Culler pod. And in the wheelhouse sat George Kelley, puffing on his pipe and enjoying his trip home. Who needs a car when a good boat will do better?

Editor Comments: George Kelley passed away a number of years ago and we have no idea what became of *Firefly*.

Top photo: Twenty-seven feet of workboat provides all the cruising comforts that George Kelley requires. George says you wouldn't believe how little *Firefly* cost him to build.

Bottom Photo: Mother hen for the Osterville cruise fleet, *Firefly* also provided a ride for those on hand without boats of their own.

Some Facts About Firefly

LOA 27', Beam 7'6", Draft 1'6"

Choice of Design: Always admired draggers, had to modify design fro downscaled version

Cruising Plans: Here 'n there, hopefully as far as Newport, RI

Construction: Hard pine and fir framing, cedar planking and deck, white pine interior, walnut interior trim

Power: 36hp Evinrude O/B

Cruising range: 150 nm

Moored" Hyannis, MA

Winter Storage: On shore front by Kelley's cottage

Having owned some 12 different sailing dinghies and cruisers over my lifetime and now having entered the 70s age group, I was looking for a stable, easy to rig, sail, and launch sailing dinghy. She had to be big enough to sleep in and suitable for my grandchildren to learn to sail in, after they have read all the Arthur Ransome books.

I heard that David Moss, the specialist wooden boat builder, was doing some work on a dinghy which, when finished, might be on the market. This dinghy had been built by him in 1985 for an engineer who subsequently was sent to Australia to work. He took the boat with him in a container but never found the time to sail her, and after some 12 years brought her back to the UK. However, she had dried out a little in the container and David was replacing a few cracked planks in her hull at his workshop near Fleetwood. So the clinker dinghy became mine, a proper little Swallows and Amazons boat she is. She was designed by John Leather as a 14' dinghy but David reduced her to 13' to lower the purchase price, although he kept the beam at 5'. To me she just had the shape of a puffin so that is what I called her.

The rig is very similar to Andrew Wolstenhome's little 11' Coot dinghy. The single 80sf sail is set on a high peaked gaff and boom on a mast stepped right forward. The mast is stepped through a gunwale level clamp and is strong enough to do without all standing rigging, although I do sometimes wonder, with full sail up in a strong wind and everything is creaking and groaning. The sail plan has a topping lift to keep the sail tidy and under control when it is being raised or lowered. This is a very worthwhile feature and it also allows the sail to be scandalised quickly if needed. I have since had a second row of reefing points put in the sail, which means that I have to lower the gaff to move the main halyard onto a ring further up the gaff. This reduces the weight aloft and also reduces the 80sf of sail area to 42sf. This second reef was needed when I was reaching down the Menai Straits in very blustery conditions with John Hughes last year.

The hull is clinker built, larch on oak ribs with mahogany centreboard trunk, thwarts, and stern board. The floor boards are made of larch. All the wood work is oiled for protection and easy maintenance. The rudder blade and centreboard are of galvanized mild steel.

Puffin, a 13' Cat-Rigged Dinghy

By Colin Bell

An evaluation of a 13' cat-rigged clinker dinghy built by David Moss in 1985

This, together with the beam of 5' make up a very stable little dinghy which weighs about 300lbs and float in 8" of water for launching.

For dinghy cruising I have a plywood food box and cool box which sit either side of the centreboard case in front of the thwart. These boxes are also used as a chart table when on passage-making trips. Under the thwart are two 5litre water canisters, another food box which is made up of three washing up bowls, one being the lid, and this is used for washing up. There is also a small Porta-Potti for use when sailing in the Lake District or Norfolk Broads. At the sides of my wooden boxes there are a flat gas-stove and a Colman dual fuel light. At each end of the thwart is a steering compass mounted well away from the steel centreboard and easy to see from the helm position. Under the stern thwart is a panic box containing flares, mobile phone, VHF, GPS, horn, etc, spare outboard fuel can, warps, and a large hand bailer.

A small outboard motor is mounted on a bracket off the transom and is out of the way when sailing. The anchor chain and warp are in a bucket at the bow in front of the mast and my clothes, sleeping bag, and pillow are in two plastic drums under the side benches, adding some extra buoyancy to the four large airbags fitted down either side of the hull. My bed is made up on two flat planks extending the starboard side bench and making up a platform for my Thermarest airbed and pillow. My crew sleep on the floorboards behind the mast by letting down one of the buoyancy bags. I'm told that it's quite comfortable. I have designed, cut out, and had made up a full length hooped tent using fibreglass tent poles inside small bore plastic water pipe to support it under the boom. However, this tent proved to be too bulky and made the boat yaw from side to side at anchor in any wind. I was also informed that when it was erected on the trailer it looked just like a gypsy caravan. That did it!

The Mk II tent is much better as it is tapered under the boom and gaff towards the boom. It has a door in the rear side panel for easy access from beach or pontoon. The boom and gaff rest on a rear support pole and the oars are strapped each side of these at night to keep the inside of the tent clear. They say never make a tent out of green canvas as it makes the inside very dark and the faces of the crew look ill. I chose green on purpose so as to make the boat blend in with the river banks and mud flats. This tent forms a semi-circle behind the mast when not erected and from this position it is quickly erected when I have anchored for the night, especially when it's raining.

I am now building a new road trailer with 10" Mini wheels, a winch, and boat rollers to make the launching and recovery much easier and I hope with no blowouts on the motorway.

My next project is to make a mast-up boat cover that can be rolled forwards from the transom so as to form a spray deck from bow to midships when the going gets choppy. *Puffin* is all that I hoped for and sails and rows well. However, she does not point quite as high as a dinghy with a jib. The tent is big enough to entertain four or five people for a chin-wag or a cup of tea when it's raining and with the Colman lamp for heat and light it's very cosy. My grandchildren enjoy sailing in *Puffin* and it won't be long before I have to ask for her back to come on DCA weekends.

A number of years back the small boat adventuring of Britishers Frank and Margaret Dye in their Wayfarer open sailing dinghy chronicled in several books they wrote on their experiences alerted me to the nature of small boat cruising as practiced by hard core British enthusiasts.

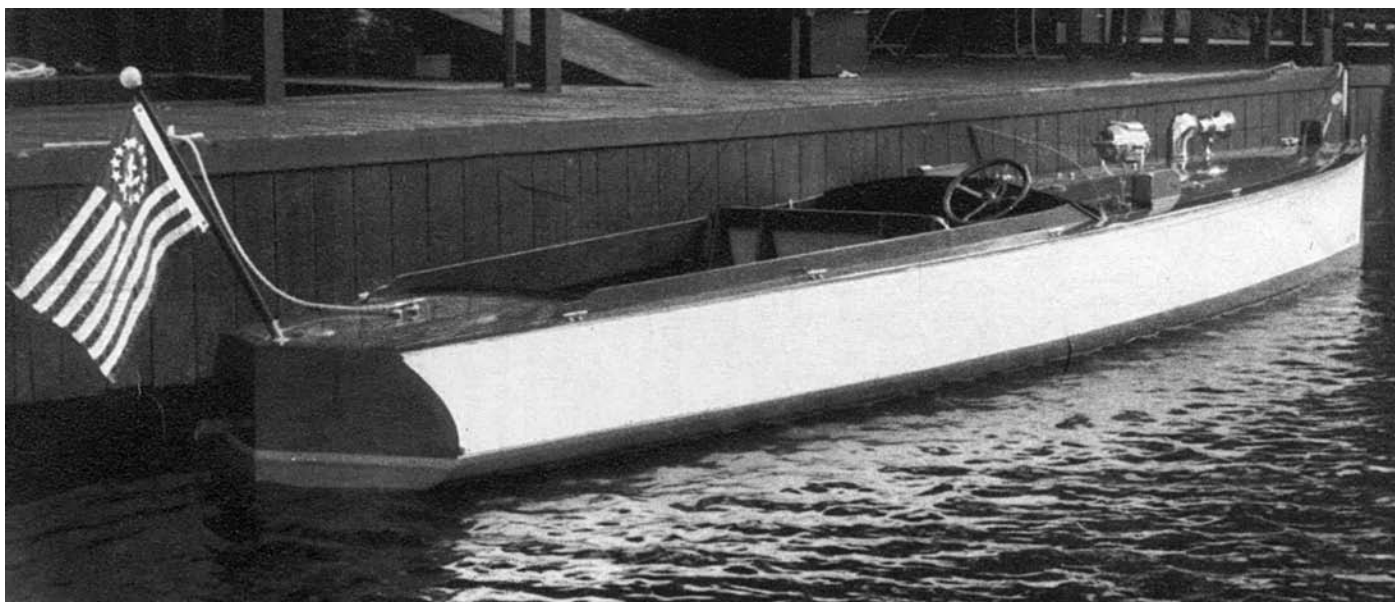
The Dye's books led me to the Dinghy Cruising Association and I have since exchanged subscriptions with them over many years. I have now concluded that I would like to share with you some of the outstanding articles published in their really interesting quarterly newsletter and they have graciously agreed to my request.



Left: *Puffin* under sail in Chichester Harbour.

Below: *Puffin*'s Mark II tent.





Many years ago the Thousand Island Yacht Club of Alexandria Bay, New York, organized a committee to pick a one-design class for a fast family launch to be used by the members for genteel racing. They selected a design by Charles Mower, noted yacht designer, with a length of 28', a beam of 5', a straight stem with quite high freeboard forward and a straight sheer carried to a V transom stern. Twenty of these boats were signed up for and built by Leyare of Ogdensburg, New York, an experienced launch builder. The large black number on the hulls, from 1 to 20, led to their being called simply "The Number Boats."

Following their racing careers these launches became part of the similar fleets of long deck launches which serviced the 1,600 islands of the Thousand Islands. Interestingly enough, and attributed to their design and construction, six of these launches still survive of which two are in the Boldt Castle Museum in the Thousand Islands and the others are still in private hands in conditions ranging from beautifully restored to "in process."

As the owner and restorer of Number 13, I donated my boat to the Museum. Regretting it later, I have commissioned the building of duplicates of these launches but with totally modern construction and equipment. The hull of this launch is re-created with the latest in composite reinforced fiberglass, offering safe and carefree cruising but with beautifully varnished decks, transom, and interior.

Surprisingly fast, it glides over the water as a fine car rides on a highway. Well

The **NUMBER** Boat, L.C. *"A Gentleman's Launch"*

By Robert O. Cox

I was delighted with the article "The New Perfect Boat" in the December 1 issue. I grew up on the St Lawrence River when most of our boats were long skinny displacement hulls which, although wet in crosswinds, were comfortable to ride in and economical to operate. As a founder of what is now the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, I still maintain a love for these easily pushed economical hulls, several of which I have donated to the museum, and one of which I have now arranged to have duplicated to order.

Now, as I watch every boat go by I am mentally classifying it by the dollars per mile it costs to operate. When a normal family runabout or a very small pocket cruiser costs \$4 or \$5 per mile to operate for fuel alone, perhaps we can be forgiven for hoping that easily pushed displacement type hulls may reappear.

muffled, its totally modern power plant is a welcome relief from the roaring monsters so often found on today's waters. And an optional built-in refrigerator will keep up your spirits on the way to the Yacht Club.

Number boats are individually crafted and are not production boats. Custom hull colors are available in the moldings.

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Woodwork by the Everett Boat Works Canton, New York. Museum quality construction and restoration.

Details and Technical by Robert O. Cox, antique boat owner and restorer, co-founder of the Antique Boat Museum, Clayton, New York, and owner of the Lauderdale Marina, Ft Lauderdale, Florida.

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What's a "Canal" Schooner?

By Greg Grundtisch



The *Lois McClure* is a canal schooner. Or, I should say, a replica of one. And schooners really did go through the Erie Canal and others. These were a new design for the time, commonly found on Lake Champlain and the Finger Lakes of Central New York. A canal schooner is basically the same as a regular canal or packet boat but has the addition of masts, sails, and a centerboard. Once off the lakes and into the canals the crew would take down the sails and masts (on tabernacles), raise the centerboard, and be pulled along the canal by mule.

The *Lois McClure* is a full-scale 1860s replica based on two canal schooner shipwrecks discovered in 1980 in Lake Champlain. The information gathered from the wrecks was used to develop plans to build the *McClure*. She was built by the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum in Burlington, Vermont. Building the *McClure* began in 2000 and finished in 2004. The museum itself was opened in 1986 in Vergennes, Vermont, and has grown to a half dozen buildings on this site as well as a boatyard on the Burlington waterfront. They have built three full-scale boat replicas so far.

I enjoyed a tour of *Lois McClure* in Buffalo, New York, this past summer. She was on a tour of the Erie Canal from Albany to Buffalo and back to her home port in Burlington. Albany and Buffalo are the official beginning and terminus of the Erie Canal respectively. The *McClure* was carrying a real payload of Vermont marble for the mayor of Buffalo. When I inquired as to what it was for and who paid the bill I got the typical Buffalo answer, "I dunno." I asked a few other people and they thought it might be for the new Erie Canal Park and restoration project that the state, county, and local officials have been bickering over for ten plus years now. It is still not completed, or even close to completion. The town fathers are trying to determine how much historic property Bass Pro should be given. Free.

Some people around here actually think that public waterfront property, also a National Historic Landmark property, is a good location for a Flagship Bass Pro Mega-Store. The thinking is it's water related and they sell fishing poles. They will. Right next to the historic buildings, museum, the restored commercial slips, and canal itself. Anyway, there will be some canal boats built in Buffalo, too, eventually. I hope to report on that project as well as helping in the building of them but I may not live that long.

After a few days visit the *McClure* departed Buffalo and began her return trip to Vermont. She stopped off at various cities and villages that were once thriving towns built up due to the construction of the canal and the economic benefits it provided for commerce in New York and other states. She is now back at the Burlington Boatyard for the winter undergoing some maintenance in preparation for another goodwill tour in the spring.

The *McClure* is 88' in length, 14.5' beam, has a cargo capacity of 4400cf and cargo weight of 60-160 tons. Her hull is white oak with white pine decks and white spruce spars and masts. She was built entirely by volunteers.

For more information and some very nice photos of the *McClure* and the other vessels and exhibits at the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, go to <lcm.org> or 4472 Basin Harbor Rd, Vergennes, Vermont 05491, phone (802) 475-2022.

Lake Champlain is a very beautiful area of New York and Vermont that is ideal for messing about in boats, especially small quiet ones. The best time to go is spring or fall. Winter is rather chilly save for ice boating and summer is crowded. Happy sails!

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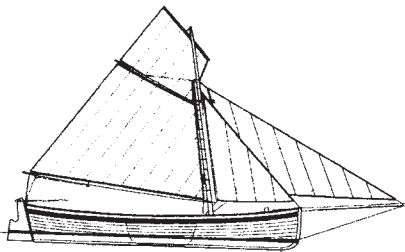
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H.M.S. Badger

By Greg Grundtisch



The *H.M.S. Badger* is a replica of an 1812 gunboat, a ship-to-shore vessel common in Admiral Nelson's navy back in the heyday of full rigged tall ships. She is located on Lake Penetanguishene, Ontario.


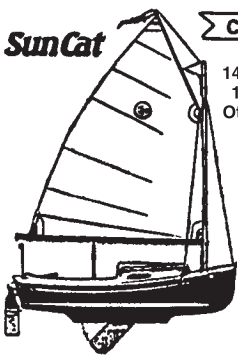
The hull was adapted from a Great Lakes lifeboat. She was transformed by The Ship's Company of Penetanguishene, a group of volunteers that spent two years of research and labor to complete her. They are dedicated to preserving seamanship skills and the marine heritage of the area through sail training on traditional sailing ships as well as small boats. They also provide workshops on rope work, woodworking, sailing theory, marlin-spike seamanship, and maritime history. So far The Ship's Company has built two boats, the *Badger* and a 14' Penobscot skiff, and have plans for historic sailing programs for the public.

The *Badger's* specifications are: length 25'; sparred length 35'; beam 8'6"; draft board up 18", board down 5'; rig height 31'; sail area: 372sf; displacement 3,000lbs.

For more information about the *H.M.S. Badger* you can e-mail to hmsbadger@esolve.net or call (705) 549-1581. Also, you can google the Penetanguishene Centennial Museum. Good luck, though, as I have attempted, to no avail, to contact them without success, a typical experience for me, I have come to learn, trying to contact museums in general and specifically marine related museums. No one answered the phone either. Still a very interesting boat in a pretty part of the province of Ontario.

Also, thanks to our friend Mr Tom Englert, a notable antique boat restorer, for providing the photos from his last trip to the Penetanguishene area. Happy sails!




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My Glen-L Power Skiff

By Marc Bourassa

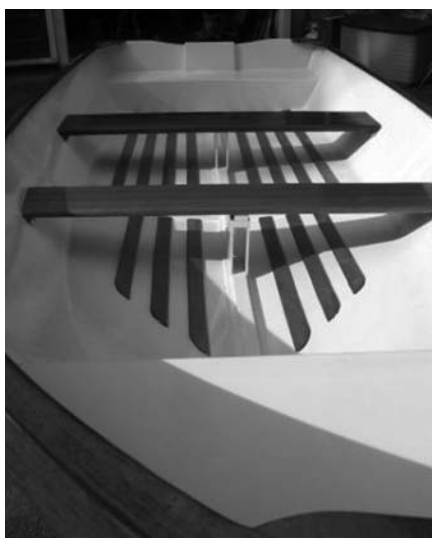
Well, I finally got around to writing about my adventures with the construction of my Glen-L Power Skiff 14'. I began building in January 2004 and, after a long hiatus moving to a new town, completed (is it ever?) the boat in June 2005. The boat is an absolute joy to drive and Glen-L's Fast-G construction process lived up to its billing; fast, efficient and accurate.



I don't have a lot of pictures of the construction process but here's a shot right after taping the interior. This was my second boat building project (I built a 12' rowboat the prior year) and I learned a lot about technique from the experience. I used the "wet on wet" method of taping and glassing where the filleting, taping, and wetting out are all performed simultaneously. This is faster and more efficient. I believe that it also provides a better end product, requiring less sanding and fairing.



NEVER use a roller or a brush when a squeegee can be used in its place. Rolling or brushing epoxy onto panels creates enormous waste which is then scraped and sanded off. The best method I found to apply epoxy, especially on flat surfaces, is to pour a small amount on the surface, then zigzag the squeegee to apply a very thin, even coat. This uses less than half the material compared to other application techniques, and you will dramatically reduce sanding and scraping.



Here's a fast-forward to the completed interior. I made a couple of modifications here, including the addition of a second seat and a re-orientation of the floor battens, running them longitudinally. I felt this would provide a more rakish, streamlined look, especially with the contrasting bright finish. I also purchased the frame kit from Glen-L. I was happy with it for the most part but was disappointed to find that the transom was made

of Douglas fir. To compensate I glued a 1/4" piece of okoume over the transom and bright finished it. This solution worked well except that, with the motor board, the transom became so thick that I needed to rout channels into it to mount the motor!



We have enjoyed this boat in many different places; at our summer home on a large lake in New Hampshire, on the Merrimack River up to the Atlantic, and in northern Maine. I have powered the boat with a 15hp Yamaha two-stroke and it flies. I'm sure it tops out at close to 30mph. I can bring my wife and two small boys on board in comfort and safety. This boat is versatile, light, easy to manage, and economical. I also own an 18' fiberglass runabout. I hardly use that any more.

Boat building is one of the few pursuits where utilization of the end product is as rewarding

Rollout Day! June 3, 2005. The run-up to this day was a flurry of frantic, late night activity. The reason, a messabout at Lake Cochituate in Natick, Massachusetts, featuring boats and boat builders from around New England. I was determined to make that event (with my boat) so I spent a lot of very late nights performing some of the final finish work. An important note on finish work, do not rush this critical aspect of the project. The overall appearance of the boat is determined almost exclusively by the final sanding, fairing, paint, and varnish steps. Cutting corners or rushing during this phase results in a mediocre looking final product, not what one wants after the hundreds of hours invested.





Boat building is one of the few pursuits where utilization of the end product is as rewarding as its construction. The joy of conquering a daunting collection of drawings, diagrams, and dimensions and converting it all into a functional craft, pleasing to the eye and solid in its bearing is, in my opinion, impossible to duplicate. I've also built two Glen-L Kidyaks with my boys, ages eleven and seven. I hope some day they will embrace the thrill that comes with bringing a boat to life from the nondescript plywood panels and other wooden detritus strewn about the garage.



We have enjoyed this boat in many different places; at our summer home on a large lake in New Hampshire, on the Merrimack River up to the Atlantic, and in northern Maine. I have powered the boat with a 15hp Yamaha two-stroke and it flies. I'm sure it tops out at close to 30mph. I can bring my wife and two small boys on board in comfort and safety. This boat is versatile, light, easy to manage, and economical. I also own an 18' fiberglass runabout. I hardly use that any more.



Ready to cut plywood. Note the grim determination on the faces of the team.



Alex drilling stitch holes in the bottom panel. We overlaid two pieces for each cut, producing panels for both boats at the same time.



Sides butt-joined and curing in the garage. We used 4mm sapele for the sides and 6mm okoume for the bottom and bulkheads. We also used 4/4 stock mahogany for the coaming and keel. Cost was a bit more but we planned to bright finish a lot of the boat so the mahogany will provide a beautiful look. I wanted my children's grandchildren to paddle these boats.

Our Kidyaks

By Marc Bourassa

Our family father/sons boat building project, two kidyaks for the boys, has been a real breeze. My boys are nine and five and they are able to do a lot of meaningful work on the boats. This photo essay best tells the story.



Jack posing with the finished panels of his boat. We epoxy coated one boat before stitching/taping and one boat after to see which method was more efficient.



Here's Alex and Jack with one of the boat hulls all stitched up (that's my beer, by the way). The sides and bottom matched up very nicely. The forward deck is just placed on top for show.



Lookin' good with the proud builders (there's a sneak peek at my Power Skiff in the background).



Next Steps: Fillets and tape:



Here's the hull of Alex's boat filleted and taped. We used the "wet on wet" method, simultaneously building the fillets, laying on tape, and wetting out. We found this to be more efficient, less epoxy usage, faster to complete, and less sanding required after the fact.



Jack spent some quality time with the skeg, rounding off the ends.



Tracing the last pieces.



More skeg rounding. These may be the most over-engineered components in boat building history!

Note the thick coating of mahogany dust covering the floor and almost everything else in the garage. This makes my wife unhappy. I am sorry about that. Sort of.



Coaming and front splash formed. I bought a $\frac{3}{4}$ "x4" piece of mahogany decking for \$6 at the local builder's supply. I bonded two pieces together to get the width I needed for the front. A little work with the plane, rasp, and sander resulted in some pretty nice-looking trim, I think.

At the end of January we finally finished with one kayak, the *Alex B*. We decided to forge ahead and complete one of the boats, the theory being that we would learn more from our mistakes and apply our learning to the next boat.



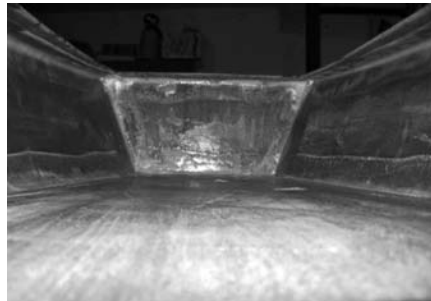
We glued blocks in place under the decking to allow us to install hardware later.



Installing the decks. Not very elegant, but effective. Note that we have stitched the decking along the open cockpit area to afford a tight fit.



Decks installed and underside taped. For this step I flipped the hull upside down onto sawhorses, then got on my knees, stuck my head in the cockpit (wear an old hat), and installed the tape on the underside of the decking. Probably the most difficult and messy part of the job.



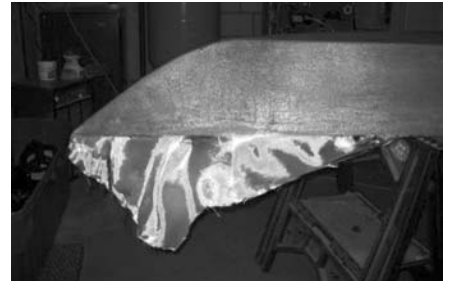
Another view of the taped cockpit.



We decided that a nice seat would make a pleasant addition to the boat so I fashioned a back from some oak stock and a piece of scrap sapele.



Here's Alex and his good friend Ian sanding and preparing the hull for taping. Alex's friends were a continuous, reliable source of cheap labor, they couldn't wait to get their hands on the tools and help out. I'm not sure what caused the bubbles in this shot. It's an old camera and may have a Lawrence Welk setting.



A shot of the glassed hull. Next time I will lap the cloth over the top of the deck about 1" or so, eliminating the need for taping that area. This will save time and provide a neater finish.



Here is Jack assisting with the installation of the coaming. I must say I'm rather proud of this technique. I press fitted a 2"x4" into the widest part of the coaming, then bent the longitudinal pieces around it, forming a curve that followed the sheer of the decking exactly. I held the assembly in place with the bar clamps shown, then glued it all into place. I covered the 2"x4" in plastic to avoid bonding the coaming to it!



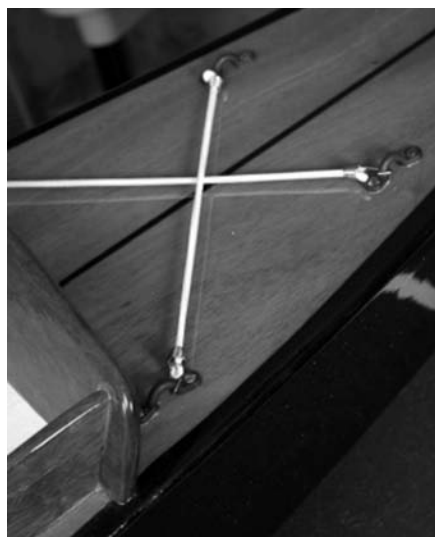
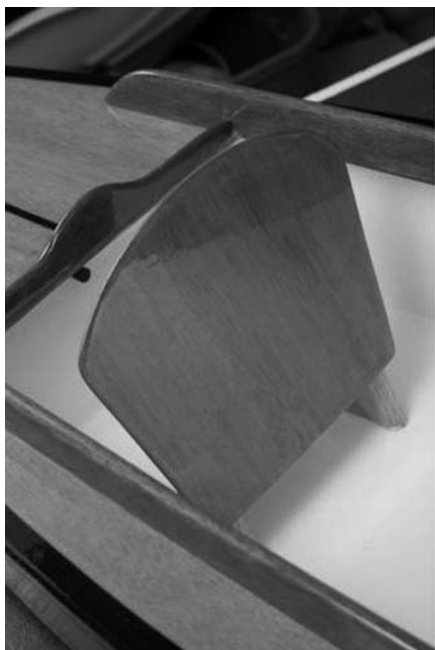
And down the stretch they come. We sanded and faired the cockpit, then primed and painted it. We also installed the other pieces of the coaming and slapped a coat of varnish on it. Altogether we applied about seven coats of varnish (I lost track of the exact number. Must have been the fumes).



I drilled a $\frac{3}{8}$ " hole in the forward and aft bulkheads and fitted a rubber bung into each to allow for ventilation.



Some additional views of the finish work.



The completed *Alex B*. I used $\frac{3}{8}$ " Fine Line tape to mask for the deck perimeter and centerline. The hardware includes a brass pad eye in the bow as well as some smaller eyes for the deck bungees and stern. I also installed toggle handles for easy team carrying.

The stop on the bottom forward of the seat back is to accommodate a seat cushion, illustration below.




As you can well imagine, this project has been enormously rewarding. We'll get right to work on the *Jack B* and will no doubt be having some serious fun in the spring. I'm also going to try and get in a two-person kayak so my wife and I can paddle along (although I'm quite sure that this will detract from the appeal for Alex and Jack).

The project is very straightforward and the plans are excellent. The youngsters can participate in most of the process. I did not let them handle epoxy or epoxy sanding. The key was to bring them in for small steps that have a big visual impact.



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I have always found the carrying of kayaks, especially sea kayaks, a struggle and it was for this reason that a cloth covered craft sounded so appealing. Initially tempted by Platt Monfort's stunning Geodesic Airolite craft, R. Bruce Lemon's Baidarka, and the Tyne Greenlander, I sought advice from Rodger French. He was immensely helpful and recommended in his correspondence Wolfgang Brink's book, *The Aleutian Kayak*, which further whetted my appetite for a lath and canvas sea kayak.

Paddles Past has reprinted two different sets of building plans for the Tyne Greenlander, Newsletter #34 Summer 2000, and Newsletter #35 Autumn 2000. It has also printed several photographs of it including a sectional version developed for the BCU Rolling Circus (Newsletter #37 Spring 2001). The idea of a sectional sea kayak with its ease of storage and movement led to further correspondence with Tony Ford, our editor, and The National Maritime Museum Greenwich.

Concluding that the BCU may still have some record of the craft used in their Rolling Circus, I rang them. They had not retained such details but mentioned that Oliver Cock, MBE, might be able to help. His detailed response about the folding Greenlander and F.O.D Hirschfeld, its designer, was printed in Newsletter #52 Winter 2004.

At the same time Tony Ford recommended I contact Frank Stevenson who is the owner of the late Jim Barbour's folding Tyne Greenlander. He kindly provided me some excellent images of his craft's framework prior to restoration. This was a bit of a breakthrough as prior to contacting Frank I was unaware of the existence of any original Tyne Greenlander, and to date I am unaware of any others folding, sectional, or rigid.

Building such a craft was still a bit of a leap in the dark as it could have been a real challenge to paddle and would certainly require a significant investment in time and money. After cogitating on the subject for over four years I eventually ran out of reasons why I should not build my own Tyne Greenlander.

Building the Tyne Greenlander

By Martin Garrett

Reprinted from *Paddles Past*, The Journal of the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association

I chose to use the plans in Newsletter #34 that were reprinted from the June 1957 issue of *Light Craft* as this article was more detailed than that carried in Newsletter #35 and the hull shape around the centre frames less boxy. Close scrutiny of both sets of plans shows noticeable differences between them, some of which will undoubtedly have affected how they paddle.

The craft I built is dimensionally true to the plans and should replicate the paddling experience of the original craft, however, there were changes made to certain elements of its construction to make it more convenient for me to build, lighter, and hopefully stronger.

The Greenlander is built on a strongback as long as the kayak itself. The reader may appreciate that at over 16' long the strongback is going to be a very substantial bit of timber. The other problem of buying a board this length is that is likely to have a bend or twist in it at the time of purchase or later as it dries out. So a fabricated strongback it had to be, one screwed together so that the timber might be used for other purposes on completion of the kayak. It quickly became apparent, though, that simply screwing it together was unsatisfactory as a bend could easily be pushed into it. The timbers it was made of were still able to slide slightly in relation to each other. Gluing it up resolved this problem immediately.

Six mm birch plywood was used for the frames and, rather than using an aluminum section for the centre frames, laminated timber frames were used. This involved bending long thin strips of ash around a former, heating the wood to bend it around the tightest bends, gluing it and binding it with inner tubes until the glue had dried. It sounds dif-

ficult but was the best alternative to bending the brittle aluminum section available to me at the time and produced some gorgeous frames looking very much like the heads of traditional tennis rackets.

The T section keel was sprung into shape by screwing two 1½" timber cheeks to the strongback between the centre frames #4 and #5 and then clamping them transversely to the lower upright section of the keel. Centered blocks and trusses then lifted the desired curve into the keel. The top of the keel along with prow and stern were dry fitted, braced then glued up.

The frames were glued into position at their particular stations and braced against waste blocks of MDF temporarily glued into place with a hot glue gun. This speeded the process up immensely and provided support to the frames until the gunwales and deck rods were glued into place permanently.

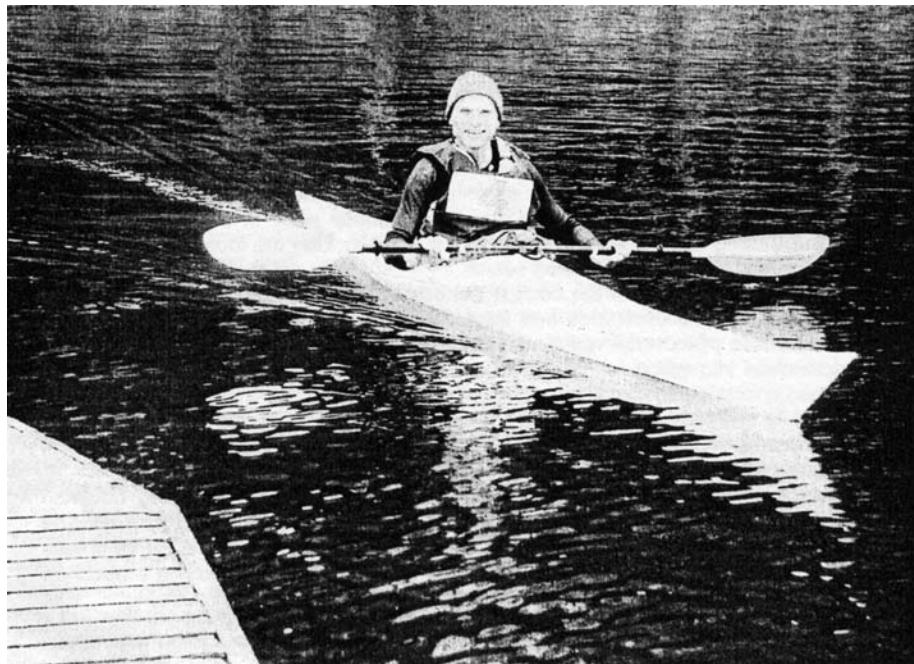
The timber used in building the Greenlander was all from the same plank of parana pine which was selected for its total absence of knots. The bend in this particular board made no difference to the build as the gunwales stringers and most of the deck rods needed to be bent anyway. Where there was a need, the stringers and gunwales were soaked, twisted, or bent into position, then held using temporary lashing. Once dry they would be glued into place. Rather than using screws to fix the timbers to the frames as suggested in the instructions, I chose to use bronze pins which were glued into place using epoxy resin, then lashed using a waxed flat woven nylon thread not dissimilar to Synthetic Sinew. The writing of this process now is infinitely easier than the doing, with the stringers proving to be especially difficult to fit.

Prior to removing the frame from the strongback, the MDF braces were cut out, the frame trimmed and carefully sanded. The frame was then sprayed with several coats of yacht varnish.

I was looking for a compromise between using a heavy canvas and the high-tech (expensive) fabrics used on aircraft and the more exotic boats. A local supplier of end of lines and haberdashery was able to provide a very robust synthetic upholstery cloth with a very fetching blue flowery pattern on it. Happily paying a pound per meter, I figured that the pattern was not an issue as it was being painted over anyway. Several people on seeing images of it in its full flowery livery have since suggested that it would have been a very novel and attractive way to have left it.

Rather than stapling the skin to the frame as recommended in the instructions, I chose to use an adaptation of the method used by Christopher Cunningham in his book, *Building the Greenland Kayak*. The hull skin was stapled on in one piece, at all times trying to avoid creases and to maintain cloth tension. When I was satisfied that the hull was as good as I could get it, the excess cloth was trimmed back leaving a loose edge of about 2". The upper corner of the gunwale was rubbed with tailors' chalk, thus indicating the seam line between the hull and deck skins. The same process was then done with the front and back decks. Disliking the idea of leaving any ferrous metal work in the frame or skin I started stitching, pulling out a couple of staples at a time, tucking the loose material inside the kayak, then stitching along the chalked seams.

Martin near the start line in his Tyne Greenlander.



Uncertain of how to proceed with the cockpit I chose to fabricate a laminated cockpit rim which sat on two extended deck rods and frame #5. The cockpit rim was initially stitched into a section of material which was then cut to the diamond shape visible in the images and stitched into place. There is well over 40' of stitching in this particular kayak!

Four coats of white and red undercoat were applied to it using a small radiator roller and the cockpit rim was varnished again with yacht varnish. No gloss coat was applied and to date the kayak is watertight with no visible deterioration in the painted surfaces.

Testing the Greenlander took place at Hetton Lyons Park on a freezing day between Christmas 2005 and New Years Day. Large sections of the lake were still frozen and the prospect of bailing out in it truly appalled me. The high angle chine hull sits on its chines until the ballast has got himself on-board. Not wishing to damage the hull skin, I launched from a chair in shallow water, a very awkward maneuver indeed without assistance. Exit from it is also difficult and it helps greatly having someone holding the rear deck still.

The Greenlander, once underway, is very pleasant to paddle. It is less stable than my P and H Orion but is far more forgiving than any River Racer I have yet paddled. To date it has been used in two three-mile races on the river Wear and, unfortunately, it has cut off all circulation to my legs on each outing, to the extent that I had to be helped out of it at the finish.

In January 2006 at one of these races I met Derek Hutchinson (kayak designer, adventurer, and writer) who on being told it was a Tyne Greenlander went on to relate this sorry tale: Apparently the Tyne Greenlander was his first kayak. He had built it himself and used garden hose as a cockpit coaming, which was then common practice (the instructions recommend the use of 1½" circumference rope). His first sea trial was naturally held on the sea and he promptly capsized in the surf. Unable to roll he tried to exit the kayak but found that he could not. The cockpit coaming proved to be a bit of a tight fit and the suction between it and his wet suit would not let him escape.

Bracing against the deck made no difference and all his wriggling just produced odd squeaking noises from his wet suit and the coaming. Thankfully someone observing his frantic thrashings beneath the waves, dragged him to the surface by his hair, and he lived to paddle another day, not, however, in a Greenlander as he sold it immediately after this event.

Hearing of Derek's experiences and my own mixed feelings about the usability of the Greenlander might make one question as to whether the making of a Greenlander is a worthwhile experience. My riposte to that is that the whole experience for me has been immensely worthwhile. It has allowed me to correspond with, and learn from a lot from, people who share my interests and it has also encouraged further documentation of these craft which are now for all intents and purposes are extinct.

Editor Comments: Readers interested in learning more about the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association and their journal should contact: Tony Ford, Am Kurpark 4, 37444 St Andreasberg, Germany, phone +49-5582 619, email: tford@web.de

The Klepper T6 at the NMMC

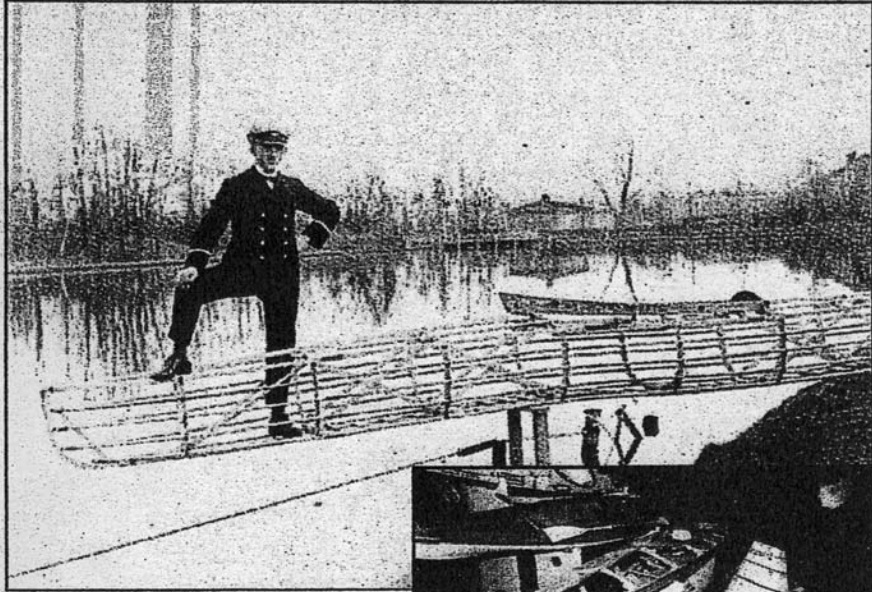
By Tony Ford

Reprinted from *Paddles Past*, The Journal of the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association

When in England in 2006 I took the opportunity to visit the National Maritime Museum Cornwall in Falmouth. The Museum has standing exhibits as well as a rolling exhibition which changes once every 12 months. The current exhibition features a Klepper folding kayak, a photograph of which is shown below as an insert. The larger photograph shows Captain Romer standing on the frame of the kayak he designed and had built at the Klepper Werke and used in his Atlantic crossing from Lisbon to St Thomas by way of the Canary Islands. Captain Romer was lost in a hurricane shortly after leaving St Thomas.

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INSET PIC: MN100107_MT01_02/MIKE THOMAS



● **STILL IN USE:** A 1930s picture of the custom-built Klepper folding canoe. Inset: The example now on display at the National Maritime Museum Cornwall

Canoe is a byword for ingenuity

A TRIUMPH of compact design invented more than 100 years ago will go on show at the National Maritime Museum Cornwall.

The folding canoe, designed by German tailor Johann Klepper, was invented as a portable boat for water enthusiasts. Made with a collapsible wooden frame and waterproof skin, many examples are still used today.


Even the military recognised the ingenuity of the design, and the canoes are still used for covert operations because they are light enough to carry and can be hidden easily.

Ben Lumby, exhibition manager at the National Maritime Museum Cornwall, said: "These are just such ingenious boats and their 100-year-old design still holds good in today's high-tech world. I would quite like one for the back of my car!"

The Klepper boat, which was made in the 1930s, will be on show at the museum in Falmouth.

Anyone wanting to find out more about the museum or its current displays can contact 01329 313388.

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Return of the Pacific Pelican

By Lou Brochetti

I have been building boats for over 35 years, mostly wood and epoxy construction, everything from offshore multihulls to small rowing and sailing skiffs. I retired from boat building in 2001. Two years ago I decided I wanted to build myself another boat. It had to be easy to tow, shoal draft, and have a small cabin. I had sailed the San Francisco Pelican in the Sea of Cortez, Mexico, and was very impressed with how seaworthy it was.

I decided to build Bill Short's Great Pelican. The Great Pelican might be the biggest little boat ever designed. The boat took me one year to build. She was built per plans except I designed a more usable cabin and a hollow mast in a tabernacle. I spent July sailing around the Canadian Gulf Islands.

I had heard of the Pacific Pelican, and ran across one in Oregon. I bought it and rebuilt it. I think the boat makes a perfect beach cruiser. She has plenty of room for sleeping and gear. It is very cozy with a boom tent over the 8' cockpit. It is funny how things come your way. Shortly after I finished rebuilding the Pacific Pelican I was talking to Muriel Short about drawing plans for the things I did to the Great Pelican and she suggested I try and find the Barlows who drew the plans for the Pacific Pelican. With Muriel's help I found them and we worked out a deal for the rights to the Pacific Pelican. I have revised the plans, and they are now available. Study plans are \$5, building plans are \$90.

Lou Brochetti 148 NW 8th St, Redmond, OR. 97756, (541) 504-0135.

Building the Pacific Pelican

By Jim Barlow

Reprinted from *MAIB*, April 1, 1989

The Pacific Pelican is a special creation, much loved by those who have come to appreciate the logic behind her design, not only in use but in building. We are grateful to Captain Bill Short who came along to design the original Pelican (12') in 1959 and later the Great Pelican (16'). It's pleasant to hear Bill say that our Pacific Pelican (14'7"), after 30 years with the 12' and 16' versions, finally completes a perfect family.

Bill has worked closely with my father, Ed Barlow, and me since 1982 in this joint design effort. After two quarter-scale models, two full size prototypes, and uncounted hours of design meetings, Bill enthusiastically endorses the Pacific Pelican and our making it available to amateur boat builders with our book and comprehensive plans.

Dinghy cruising is a low cost way to have fun and adventure on the water and has given me days and weeks of memorable pleasure. Just because a boat is small enough to fit into your garage and has no cabin does not mean it is unsafe to sail across lakes and bays, along the coast, or up rivers. A properly designed sailing dinghy of around 16' can take you places in safety and comfort for thousands of dollars less investment than an 18'-20' trailer sailer with a tiny cabin.

The Pacific Pelican is specifically intended to meet these criteria of safety, comfort, and low cost. She is deeper, has more storage space, and is more stable than a racing dinghy or yacht tender. Although not a racer, the Pacific Pelican is fast in a breeze of 7-9 knots. The design incorporates the lines of a Banks dory with the oriental sampan bow. If her lines were extended to the dory's extreme ends she'd be about 22' long. The pram bow

is safe, it will not dig in and cause a broach capsize when running before 30kt gusts in 3'-4' seas; we know, we've done this on blustery San Francisco Bay!

At 14'7" overall (not including the bowsprit) the Pacific Pelican also serves as a deep and dry day sailer for those wanting a boat safe for spouse and children on local outings. Or, leaving the rig behind, the boat makes a great fishing skiff that can be rowed or motored.

But it's when dinghy camping that the Pacific Pelican comes into her own. I designed her to have a huge amount of open floor space for comfortable sleeping. I unroll 3" thick foam pads that are stowed in plastic trash bags under the foredeck and slide them in under the afterdeck where they reach from the transom out onto the cockpit floor. This provides 6'6"x4' of very comfortable bed with more sleeping room for children alongside the centerboard trunk. The headroom under the afterdeck is so generous that it's comfortable to sleep with the open end of my sleeping bag totally out of any breeze and overnight dew. My body weight this far aft settles the stern just enough to create a level floor.

If weather threatens I am prepared. By hoisting the furled sail and boom a few feet further up the mast and securing it in place with a topping lift I can have a tent with standing head room! The boat is so stable a 220lb adult can walk on the side and fore decks while setting up such a tent. On an anchor the boat swings into the wind reliably so that the rear wall of a tent can be kept open for the view, light, and air. It can be closed off if it's really nasty outside. A 9'x12' cover makes a 6'x9'x6' tent with all that dry storage an extra under the spacious foredeck.

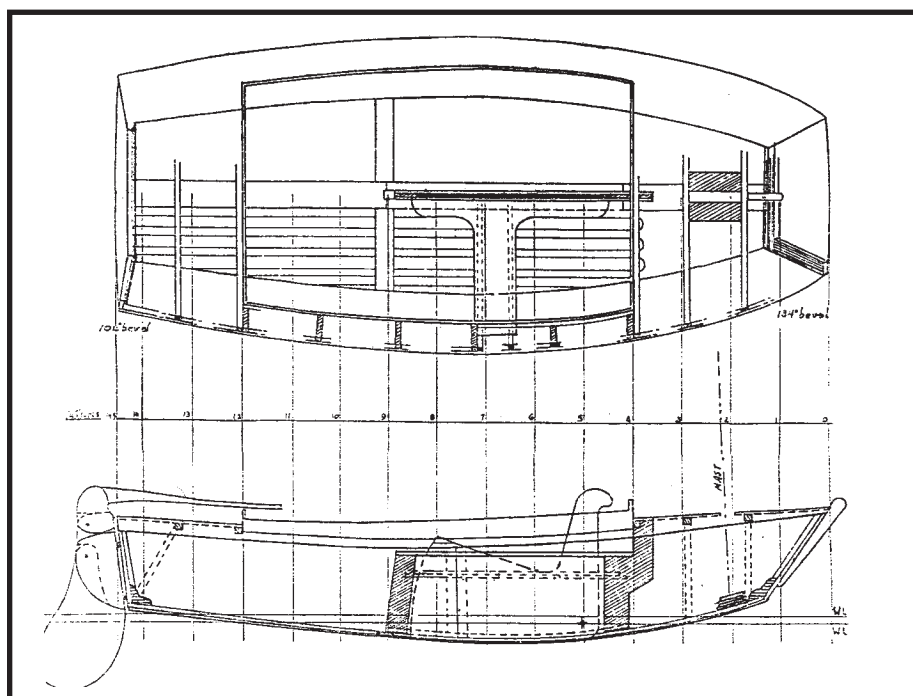
Sailing is easily managed with jib and main reefable from the cockpit. The broad beam and flaring dory sides make her very stable, she is very hard to capsize as the wind spills from her lug rig long before she goes over. The all wood construction and flotation designed in make her unsinkable and self righting and she can be made self bailing if desired. Despite the low center of effort of the lug rig she has good aerodynamics, pointing very high and planing to windward, even with three adults on board, in a 15-20kt breeze. The helm is perfectly balanced under full sail and she ghosts nicely in very light air.

The centerboard and rudder both kick up so, combined with her flat dory bottom, Pacific Pelican is easy to beach. Gunkholing with only 5" draft (board up, of course) is easily done. She can go from a fast rough water cruiser to a laid back pleasure barge without any changes other than adjustment of rig and centerboard.

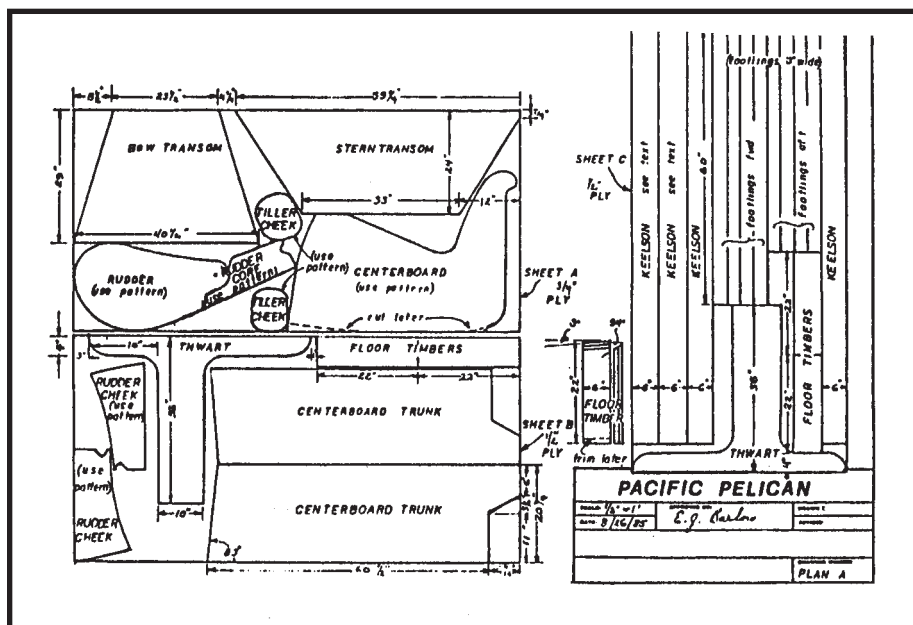
We wanted to make the Pacific Pelican easy to build by the home builder, even one with no previous experience at boat building and with only limited carpentry skills. For a resulting boat that anyone can be proud of for performance and pleased with for accommodation, we decided that a plywood boat of modern monocoque construction was the choice. Although building the Pacific Pelican is not a small project, it is very straightforward. You will need about 12'x20' of shop space with a level floor and room for table saw and workbench.

Complete plans are provided, six sheets which detail the building jig, hull, plywood sheet layouts, and sail/rigging plan. Full size paper patterns are provided for all special shapes like centerboard and rudder. The original 112-page instruction book, a printed and

With my Pacific Pelican I have found there's always more to learn about dinghy cruising. With this reliable, safe, yet lively, craft that also serves as my home away from home, my confidence increases with each new cruising experience and I look forward to ever more ambitious destinations in the seasons ahead.



LOA (without bowsprit).....	14'7"
Floor Length.....	13'1"
Beam	6'7"
Draft (board up loaded).....	5"
Draft (board full down).....	3'8"
Weight (all up/all $\frac{3}{8}$ " glassed).....	600#
Weight ($\frac{1}{4}$ " decks 7 sides glassed)	540#
Sail Area (main)	105sf
Sail Area (jib).....	40sf
Freeboard (above waterline)	24"
Cockpit Length.....	8'0"
Capacity 4 adults/motor/gas/gear	1,000#



How to Make a "Straddle Bug"

By William Atkin

A *Popular Mechanics* article from 1925
reprinted from *The Model Yacht*,
newsletter of
the US Vintage Model Yacht Group

Only a few tools are required to make the sailing model described in this article and there is no tedious shaping and carving to be done on a hull. The hull in this model, if it can be called by this name, is nothing but a simple framework to hold the mast and three floats. This construction, while it does not give the model the speed of a "regular" body, permits the boat to be knocked together very quickly and, despite the unconventional design, the little yacht is really a splendid sailer.

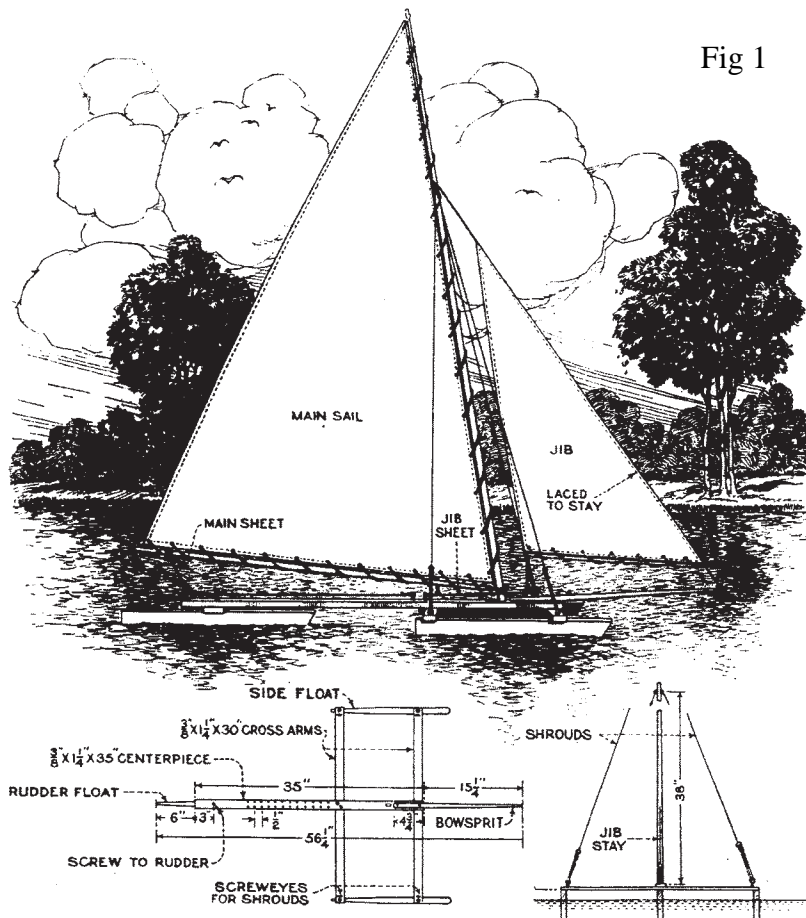
The frame requires three pieces of white pine or poplar, $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick by $1\frac{1}{4}$ " wide. Two of these are 30" long and the third 35" long. Measure $\frac{1}{4}$ " in from one end of the 35" and fasten one 30" piece to it so that the forward edge of the latter comes to the $\frac{1}{4}$ " mark and the crosspiece is exactly central. Use two #6 brass screws $\frac{3}{4}$ " long. Fasten the other crosspiece similarly so that the distance between the inner edges of the two is $10\frac{1}{2}$ ". Mark a point $\frac{3}{8}$ " from the two ends of each crosspiece and in the center and drill $\frac{1}{8}$ " holes, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ " in from each end drive in small brass screweyes for the ends of the shrouds. Measure 3" from the after end of the centerpiece and glue to the underside a block $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick, $1\frac{1}{4}$ " wide, and 2" long, keeping the center of the block on the 3" mark. Drill a $\frac{1}{8}$ " hole through both centerpiece and block on the mark.

Three floats must now be made. Make these of white pine or poplar, 18" long, 5" deep, and $\frac{7}{8}$ " in thick. On two of them cut one end as shown in the drawing so that the bottoms are 15" long, round off the beveled ends, and from a point about 7" from the after end taper the floats so that they are about $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick at the after edges, then round these.

Drill $\frac{1}{16}$ " in the positions marked and then fasten these to the ends of the crosspieces with #6 brass screws $1\frac{1}{2}$ " long. The third, or rudder float, is exactly the similar to the others except only one $\frac{1}{16}$ " hole is drilled in it, exactly in the center, and but one screw is used to fasten it to the centerpiece under the little block. Now drill two rows of $\frac{1}{16}$ " holes along the edges of the centerpiece (Fig 6) spacing them $\frac{1}{2}$ " apart, for the pins on the end of the sheets, and cut out the mast step or hole. This hole is oblong in shape, $\frac{1}{4}$ " wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ " long, and should not be finished until the mast is ready to be "stepped." (See Fig 4).

All of the spars are also made of pine or poplar and, when tapering these as shown in the drawings, the best way to go about the job is this. Taking the mast as an example, cut it a trifle longer than necessary and about $\frac{3}{4}$ " square. Still keeping it square, plane it down until it is $\frac{1}{16}$ " square at one end and $\frac{1}{4}$ " square at the other, the taper being straight. Now plane off the edges carefully until an octagon is produced and plane off the edges of this in the same way.

Fig 1

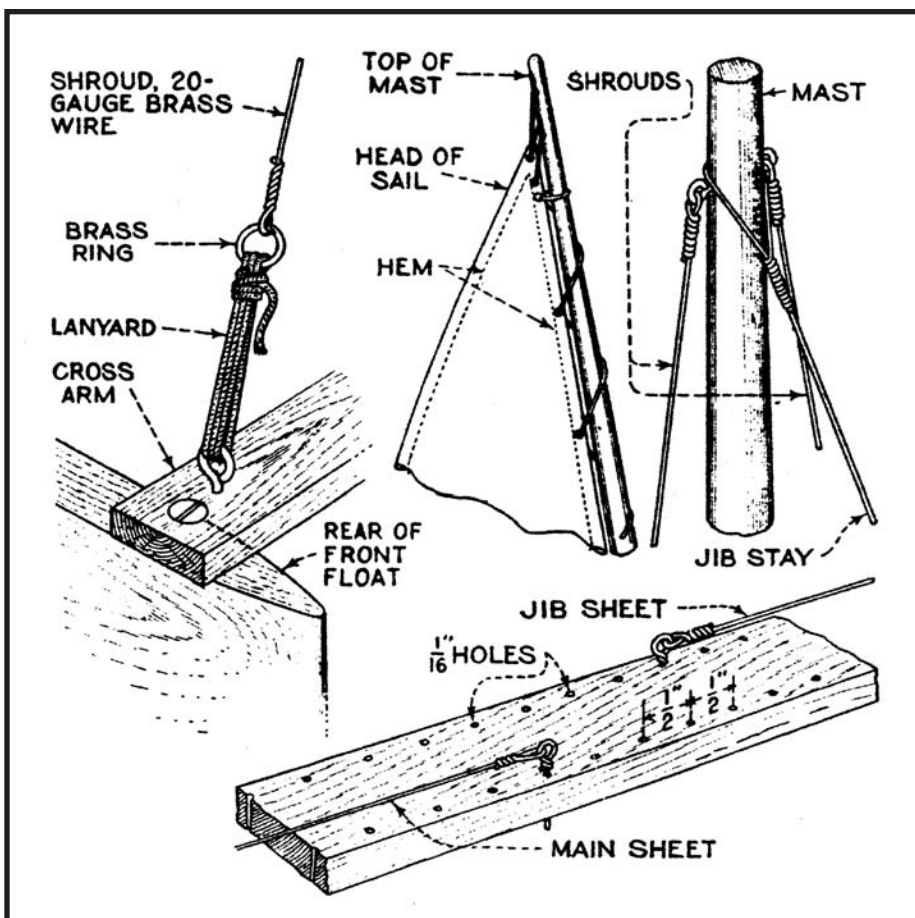


A piece of copper or brass wire is twisted around the lower part of the mast $1\frac{1}{2}$ " from the shoulder and formed into an eye on the after side to take a brass hook on the end of the main boom. This is shown clearly in Fig 4. Now step the mast so that it "rakes" or leans aft 9" from the vertical, measured from the top, and glue into place.

The sails are made of lightweight percale and must be cut so that a $\frac{3}{8}$ " hem may be made on all sides. Remember that there is a 1" curve (roach) on the leach of the mainsail and a slight roach (about $\frac{1}{4}$ ") on the hoist. The edges of the jib are straight. Twelve small holes are punched through the foot of the sail and 15 on the hoist; if small eyelets like those used on shoes can be put in these, so much the better, maybe the shoemaker will do all this for you. Seven are also put through the foot of the jib and about 12 on the hoist. The sails are laced to the booms, stay, and mast through these eyelets by means of light fish line as shown in Figs 1 and 6. There are two small holes drilled at the head of them to take the end of the lacing and make it fast, and similar holes in the booms. The lacing on the hoist of the jib can be taken to the shroud screw eyes and made fast there.

The only work left now is the sheets. These are also of strong fish line. One end of the jib sheet is fastened to the after end of the jib boom, reeved through a screw eye near the after end of the bowsprit and passed aft. It is then cut off near the end of the row of holes in the centerpiece and fitted with a pin made of brass wire (see Fig 6). The main sheet is fastened to the after end of the main boom and leads down through the screw eye in the end of the centerpiece, then forward.

The rudder screw should bind the rudder float tightly, but not so tightly that the float cannot be moved with the fingers.



This boat is intended for use on small lakes and as a drift boat for access on streams with only moderate rapids. Drift boats this small can be safely used for access only on moving water and fishing must be done with waders. The user must resist the temptation to anchor and fish from this boat in moving water. The bow of this boat does not have enough flotation to support the downward pull when a firmly bedded anchor is retrieved. The bow can be literally pulled under water, and the boat will fill fast. The boat is intended for car top transportation. Estimated weight is 75 pounds using the construction method described below.

Construction Notes

Both ends of the boat are the same so dimensions in the plans apply to both ends. The structure consists of two framed transoms, three frames, two side panels, a bottom panel, and a seat with centerline supports and risers connecting the frames. The boat is built by cutting two identical sides to the shape shown in the plans, by framing and beveling the two transoms, and by stitching and gluing the chines (only.) Temporary molds are used at the three stations to maintain shape and are removed one at a time after taping the chine, when the permanent frames are fabricated. Cutouts in the temporary molds at the chine corners can be removed after the side and bottom panels are wired to provide access for taping the chines inside.

First fabricate the side panels. These are 6mm okoume plywood. They may be scarfed or joined with butt blocks to get the necessary 10'2" length. Scarfing is best since some weight will be saved and the interior will smooth. Panels are 15 $\frac{7}{8}$ " wide so three pieces

Some Notes on the 10' Fly Fishing Punt

By Tom Fulk

can be ripped from a 48" wide sheet, allowing for two $\frac{1}{8}$ " saw kerfs. After joining the segments, cut the panels to the shape shown in the plans. The upper edge of each panel is straight and dimensions are measured from this reference line.

Next, cut the transom panels and frame them. Framing is $\frac{3}{4}$ "x2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " Sitka spruce. Take the width of the transoms from the side panels since the dimension of 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ " shown in the plans for the expanded shape might not exactly correspond to your panels. Glue and screw the framing. Fill the screw countersinks and sand well before assembly. Bevel the bottom by taking the bevel from the side panel and the side bevels from the drawing.

Make the three temporary molds of $\frac{1}{2}$ " underlayment or plywood. Keep the same side flare for all three molds as shown in the plan for the amidships mold. Provide cutouts at the chine corners to permit access for taping the chine. After cutting the corners out to a 6" radius, fasten them back in position using small butt blocks and drywall screws.

Assemble the side panels with screws only to the transoms with the temporary molds in place on the station locations. Temporarily fasten the molds in position with screws. When everything fits, remove screws at the transoms, apply glue, and refasten.

With the arrangement upside down and the centerline checked for straightness, mark the bottom panel for shape by scribing along

the sides and ends. This panel is 6mm okoume plywood. Cut out the bottom panel. Glue and screw it to the transoms and wire the chines at 6" intervals. Use soft iron wire for wiring and push the wire into the inside corners firmly. Turn the structure, molds in place, so it is right side up.

Remove the chine corner cutouts on the molds. Tip the boat so the bottom is 45 degrees to level for taping the first chine. Tape the first inside chine seam using one layer of 4" wide 8oz fiberglass tape. Repeat on the other side after tipping the boat the other way.

Good tape can be made by cutting strips from cloth, parallel to the weave, and unraveling the edges back $\frac{1}{2}$ " on each edge. Using peel ply or waxed paper over the resin and tape makes for a smoother joint and less sanding later. Tape made this way is better than manufactured tape since the edges fair in better. With manufactured tape, one edge will have a pronounced ridge which must be sanded down. Using the technique described results in little or no sanding if the work is done carefully.

Remove the molds one at a time using temporary spauls to hold the shape at the top. Install the framing. Framing is $\frac{3}{4}$ "x2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " Sitka spruce. A 6mm okoume plywood gusset is provided at each inside corner BETWEEN the two frame parts.

Install the gunwale guards. They are two layers of $\frac{5}{8}$ "x1 $\frac{1}{4}$ " Honduras mahogany. They could also be fastened in place before the frames are installed, when the temporary molds are still in place.

Add knees at each corner of the boat. Add risers on each side which connect all three frames. These can be mahogany or white oak, $\frac{3}{4}$ "x1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " in size. The upper edge is beveled so the seat lands flat. The risers should be positioned so the seat top will be 10" above the bottom. Install the seat which is made of two sections of $\frac{3}{4}$ "x6" spruce.

Add framing for the seat support on the centerline. This consists of two lengthwise parts, one on the bottom and one on the seat, and two support posts fastened to them.

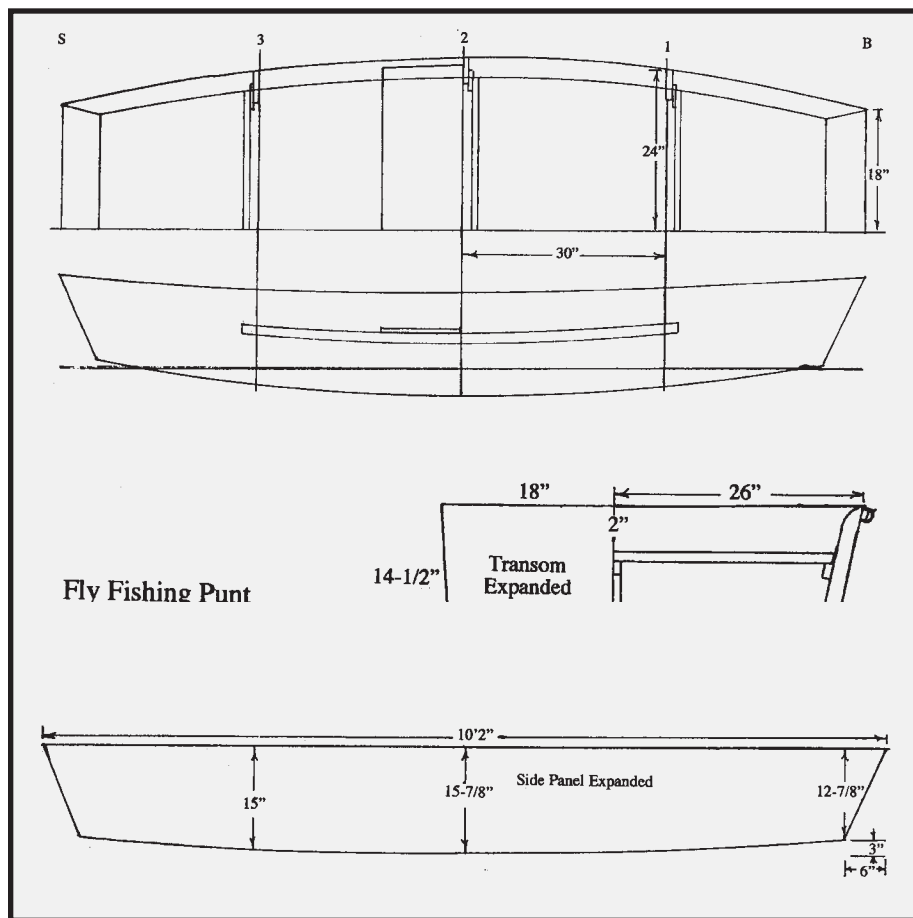
Turn the boat so it is bottom up. Remove the wires by untwisting them, cutting one wire short, heating the other leg with a propane torch, and pulling. Round all outside corners. Tape the chine and other corners outside with one layer of 8oz fiberglass cloth 4" wide using the same technique used for the inside. Sand well.

Cover the bottom and up the side 5" with 8oz fiberglass cloth. Add a keelson of $\frac{3}{4}$ "x1 $\frac{1}{4}$ " white oak on the centerline. Sand everything and paint and/or varnish. Add a 1"x $\frac{1}{8}$ " strip of marine grade aluminum to the keelson. Also add strips $\frac{1}{2}$ "x $\frac{1}{8}$ " to the top of the gunwale guards if the boat is to be cartopped.

Add oarlock sockets which should be 12" from the seat edge. Add cleats and whatever anchoring scheme you like. I like to use bee holes lined with brass tubes through the transoms about 10" above the waterline with small turning blocks located outside.

Safety Notes

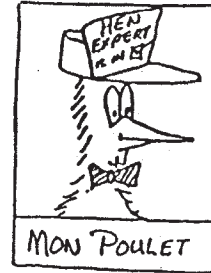
This boat has no flotation other than the wooden structure. Never use it without a life vest on. For the reasons outlined above, don't anchor in moving water. If you use the boat on moving water, use unpinned oarlocks with leathered and buttoned oars. Use of pinned oarlocks is a safety hazard in moving water since if an oar tip hits bottom when the boat is sideways to the current, the boat can be overturned.



Entertainment in Advertising

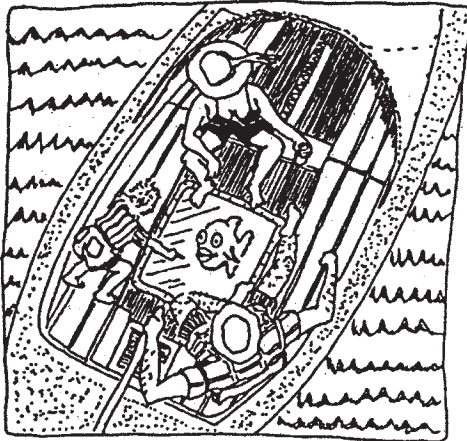
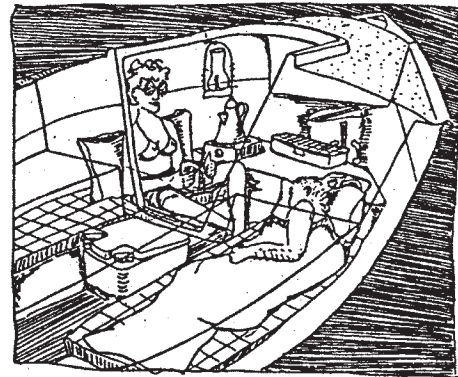
Twenty years ago Reuben Trane's Florida Bay Boat Company ran a series of cartoon ads in *Small Boat Journal* extolling the merits of his line of Hens: Peep Hen, Mud Hen, Bay Hen, and Sand Hen, sharpie styled compact cruising sailboats that had all the charms of a Volkswagen camper. A couple of years ago reader Harry Hershey sent me a collection of the ads clipped from *SBJ* stating, "This crazy stuff has been in my files for years... maybe you can use it?" They just turned up in a file clean-up here and I thought I'd share some of them with you from time to time. Sadly Reuben is no longer with us and his company no longer exists as far as I know, but his little boats continue to be enjoyed by those who fell for his whimsy as a designer and ad copywriter.

HEN NEWS



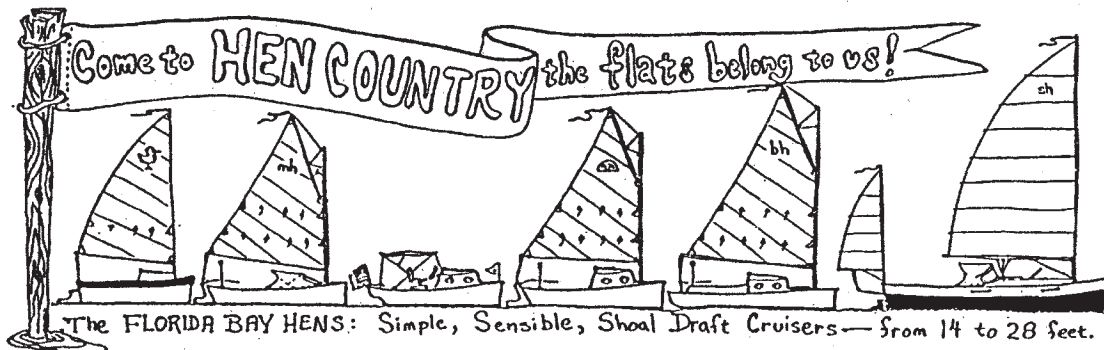
14' PEEP HEN IS COMFORTABLE!

THE ONLY MICRO CRUISER THAT LETS YOU SIT UP LATE, HEAT UP SOME TEA, USE THE HEAD OR TAKE A STROLL ON DECK WITHOUT DISTURBING THE SLEEPING SKIPPER. WITH MORE SITTING HEADROOM, LONGER BERTHS, GREAT GALLEY WITH SINK & ICE BOX & A PLACE TO STOW AND USE THE POTTI, THE PEEP HEN IS JUST ABOUT THE MOST COMFORTABLE SMALL BOAT AROUND. SHE IS THE BIGGEST 14 FOOTER! PLUS A 6'6" COCKPIT WITH HIGH COAMINGS & A SELF-BAILING FOOT WELL. WITH HER UNIQUE BOX KEEL, SHE'S STABLE, TRACKS WELL & SELF-RIGHTS! DRIES OUT UPRIGHT. HER SENSIBLE CAT RIG IS BOTH EASY TO SET UP & HANDY TO SAIL. A 2 HP. MOTOR PUSHES HER HOME AT A STATELY 5 KNOTS.



GIVE THE FISH A VIEW!

SINCE ONE OF THE FUNNER THINGS TO DO ABOARD A HEN IS TO POKE AROUND IN THE SHALLOWS, WE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NICE TO GIVE YOU A VIEW OF THE BOTTOM. NOW AVAILABLE ON ALL OUR HENS IS A 1/2" THICK LEXAN™ WINDOW BOLTED FLUSH WITH THE BOTTOM & THOROUGHLY BEDDED. GREAT FOR INSPECTING ANCHORAGES, LOOKING FOR REEFS, WATCHING THE FISH & THE OCCASIONAL MERMAID. BESIDES YOU'RE OPENING UP AN ALL NEW VISTA FOR THE FISH! REMEMBER, THEY'RE AS CURIOUS ABOUT YOU AS YOU ARE ABOUT THEM. THERE IS ONE PROBLEM... YOU'LL HAVE TROUBLE KEEPING AN EYE ON THE WATER AHEAD AS YOU GAZE AT THE WAVING SEA GRASSES BELOW.



I listed a kayak on craigslist in the late summer and got into the habit of looking at this list to find if my boat was still listed. I found a lot of tempting boats that were listed. One evening on craigslist Minneapolis I found an ad that simply said "Speedboat, make offer." The ad included a photo of an old aluminum runabout.

Jokingly I made an offer of \$150 and thought little more of it. In the morning the phone rang and when I answered a man asked, "When are you coming to get your boat?" Just what I needed, another boat. I thought about it quickly and decided that I couldn't go to wrong at \$150. I got the address where I could see the boat. It was about 40 miles each way so I next asked, "Is there air in the trailer tires?"

Having experienced some bad deliveries in the past I thought about all the things that could go wrong and grabbed a tool kit. I also brought along a trailer light bar that I had made and headed north. The boat was in a yard on the other side of the city. I found it and looked it over. It was filthy. There was a rat's, or maybe squirrel's, nest under the back seat and several years worth of dirt. I was looking at an old Sea King runabout with a very large Scott outboard on the transom. At a quick glance I knew that this boat had to be mid '50s vintage.

The hull seemed to be intact aside from a lot of scratched paint. The engine turned over, it wasn't frozen. The boat came with the controls needed to steer the boat from the front seat and wooden seats which, much to my pleasure, were in pretty good condition. They were Philippine mahogany. They needed varnish but little else.

The homemade trailer was a different story. It was crude and, to my thinking, it was underbuilt but it had been carrying this boat for years so I guessed it would get the boat to my home. Yes, the tires were pumped up.

When I got home my first priority was a good wash down. I backed the trailer off the side of my driveway so the stern was low and left it hooked on my truck. I found the drain hole and began a wash down. First to go was the remains of the rat's nest, then I hosed down the interior. I had to run a string through the drain to keep it open. There was so much junk in the boat that I had to repeatedly re-open the drain. An hour later the boat was clean and I could really see what I had bought.

My son helped me to find info about the 33hp Scott on his computer. We found a parts supply in North Tonawanda, New York. We also learned that the only years that that engine could have been built were 1956 or 1957. That confirmed my guess about the boat's age.

A few days later my son came by and we tried to start the engine. Again we had the boat



In My Shop

A Dinosaur

By Mississippi Bob

hooked to my truck and I parked where it was level. I couldn't use the earmuffs on this old Scott so I took a clean garbage can and slid it under the lower unit and filled it with water. We both pulled the starter rope until we were blue in the face and couldn't get any more than a few pops out of this old dinosaur. There was a spark on the lower cylinder but none on the upper one. Time to call a pro.

I found a pro about 20 miles south in the town of Northfield. That is the town that defeated the Jessie James gang. They let you know it. I brought the whole rig to his shop in the woods near town where I found an artist. He worked in the medium of old outboard motors. He looked at my motor and very confidently said, "Sure, I can get it running but it will cost you some." His plan was to replace the magnetos and overhaul the carburetor. He then reminded me that the water pumps on these old motors often didn't pump water after a long storage. I got a ball park price from him and left the motor in his care. He was the doctor.

A couple of weeks went by and I didn't hear from him, deer season and all. I was beginning to wonder what his bill would do to my Mad Money account when the phone rang and I was told that the motor runs very well and it pumps water. Back out to Northfield to hear my motor run. Thirty-three horses can really move a lot of water around in his tank. I had him fog the engine for winter storage and paid his bill, twice what I had paid for the whole rig but I was happy with that, it was the lower side of his ball park. My original purchase included a motor stand that I re-fastened and stored the motor in my garage for the winter.

I had no plans to run the boat last fall so I began looking at what I could do during the winter to get the boat ready to use. I decided to refinish all the wood in my shop and store the boat upside down. I carefully removed the windshield and stored it in my boat loft. I don't like windshields on small boats, they get in my way. It probably won't go back on while I own the boat. I next removed the seats and the motor board and took off the controls and

stored them. The dashboard had to stay as it was cemented to the bottom side of the deck.

The weeks before Christmas found me in my shop stripping old varnish and sanding. We have a dog kennel downstairs in our home and I decided to do my finishing there. This room was easier to heat than my shop and the tops of the fences made a good place to hold the parts while they got re-coated. All the parts got two coats of epoxy, then back to the shop for more sanding. They then went back to the kennel where I applied three coats of Helmsmen varnish. The parts all looked pretty good under the artificial light in my basement, not so good when they went back out to the shop for re-assembly.

I re-installed the flotation chambers under the seats and the galvanized iron stiffeners. I then gave them a light sanding and another coat of varnish. I decided that they would get further sanding and more varnish in the spring after they got reinstalled in the boat. I have to do the dashboard also at that time.

The seats are now stored until spring, so on to the next project. I am looking at re-finishing my original Tern. This is my oldest, most favored canoe. The Tern is now 20 years old. I have built and sold several boats since building her and she is still in my stable while a lot of others have left. That will be a winter's work as I plan to spend part of the winter in Mexico. I want to remove the old fiberglass and re-glass the exterior. I am hoping to get that classy old boat look. Lots of patina. The Tern has nearly a million miles and she deserves a facelift.

I want to take the boat down to the local graphics shop that did the original graphics and get duplicates made. It is then going into the shop for that face lift.



An Altered Inflatable Kayak

By Bradford Lyttle



Paddling in comfort.

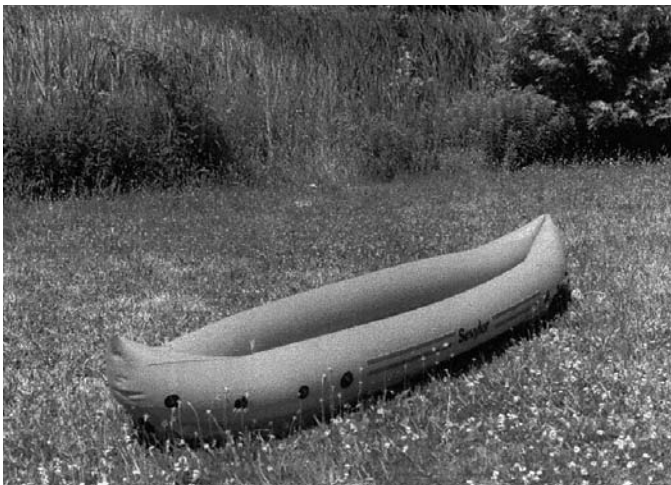
Carrying a boat on top of a car increases the air resistance of the car considerably and hence the vehicle's gas consumption. With the increasing price of gas this makes attractive small, inflatable boats that can be transported inside of vehicles rather than mounted on their tops. With this in mind I have made changes to an inflatable kayak that make it easier to use.

The kayak is a "Tahiti" made by Sevylor. Sevylor is a French firm that makes many kinds of inflatables, including Zodiacs. Often these are sold through sporting goods stores. The Tahiti cost about \$80. It is made of vinyl. Inflated, it is about 10' long and 30" wide. It has one large flotation chamber on each side and seven flotation tubes in the bottom. It weighs about 18 pounds and has a flotation rating of 400 pounds. Each chamber and the seven tubes are inflated and deflated through valves located inside the boat on one end. Once the boat is inflated the valves can be pressed flush into the chambers or tubes. The kayak deflates rapidly without using a suction pump. When deflated and folded up it fits into a small sack that easily can be stored in the trunk of a car.

As sold, the Tahiti has two inflatable seats, one for the back, one for the middle-front. Also, it has a spray deck that can be tied over the front. It paddles surprisingly fast, probably because most of the wetted surface is on the seven longitudinal tubes. It does not track particularly well but skillful double-paddling can overcome this.

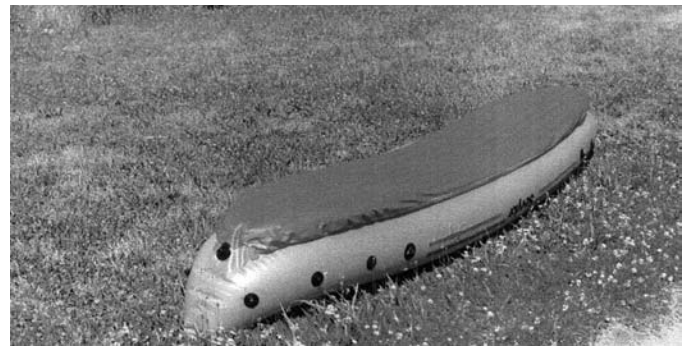
To me, the main problem with the Tahiti is with its seats. Its seats have short, soft backs, hence there is little to lean back on when one gets tired paddling. To solve this problem I have made a wooden seat for the Tahiti. The seat has a $\frac{1}{2}$ " plywood base plate (it could be made of $\frac{3}{8}$ ", $\frac{5}{16}$ ", or $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood) about 4' long and as wide as the kayak's interior floor, and a seat back of $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood about 18" high inclined backward at about nine degrees. I put a standard flotation cushion on the seat's

Right side up.

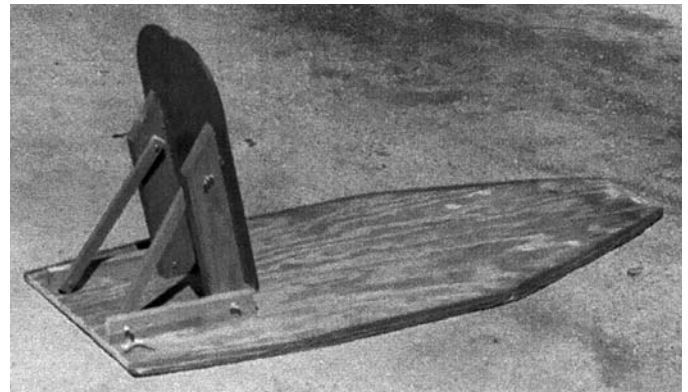


bottom for softness and to make paddling easier. When I get tired the high seat back enables me to lean back and rest in comfort. The seat back is collapsible and held upright with braces and #10-24 bolts and wing nuts so that everything can be broken down and flattened. I have carefully sanded the edges of the plywood plate and put duct tape over the edges to prevent splinters from puncturing the vinyl.

I find this altered, inflatable kayak remarkably seaworthy and have been able to paddle considerable distances in it without becoming tired.

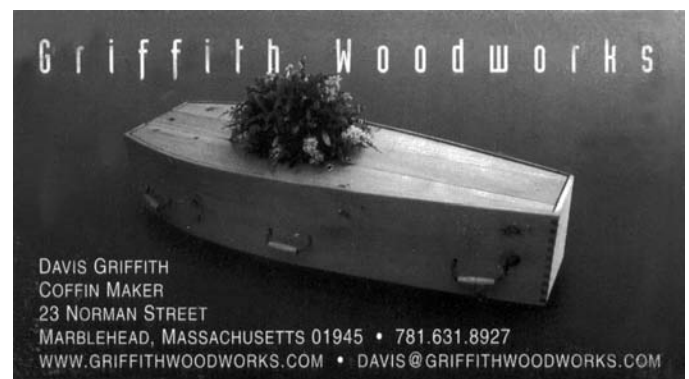


Bottom up.

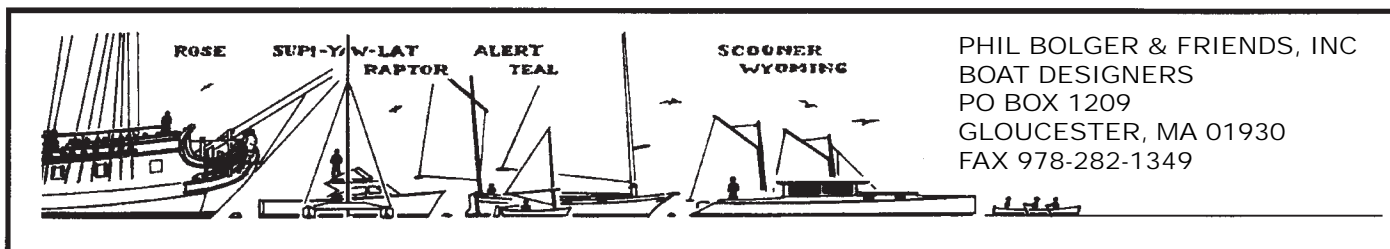


The seat.

Seat in place.



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Blackbird, as so well rendered by Ken Bassett in 1984, is a combination of visual elegance and operational efficiency that should prove attractive in an age of new sobriety. Dennis Caprio's commentary in *WoodenBoat* magazine's 2006 "Small Boats" inaugural issue underscored the cumulative appeal of a well-sculpted hull, unforced clean lines with a modest superstructure in a hull of moderate size and modest machinery, easily trailered to waters near and far. Across about 25 years since Blackbird first appeared a whole host of minor and major improvements and additions added up in our minds. *WoodenBoat*'s choice of her for a cover photo suggested developing these ideas further and drawing these modifications and enhancement on additional plans sheets. This 10-sheet set of plans now consists of multiple versions and options along with mold expansions. As an exercise in elegant moderation a large-prop 60hp outboard should move her into the high teens, purring at premium efficiency between 12kts and 15kts around 3500rpm.

The Original Blackbird of 1984

Included is Blackbird's original configuration as published in a variety of places until 2007. It was designed for a professional boat builder with just the most basic information necessary to turn out a fine rendition of her hull shape and her unusual aesthetics. It is included complete for comparison and adoption if preferred.

Blackbird '08

The updated design was completed in early 2008 with alterations in cabin layout and

Bolger on Design Upgrade of Blackbird Design #443

23'4" x 7'8" x 15-90hp x 2800-3200lbs
trailer weight

cockpit plus a little bow cockpit and a variety of hard top styles, all of which should turn this hull into a reasonably comfortable and unusually efficient coastal cruiser with amenities well beyond simple overnighting accommodations.

Cabin

We added some height to the cabin trunk for better headroom over the bunks and in the head compartment. An aft hinged hatch ahead of the cabin trunk offers emergency exit. Two hanging cabinets over the forward berth ends offer high and very accessible stowage. The galley moved upwards into the trunk surface under a flip-up cover to be used standing in the companionway, leaving reasonable stowage volumes under it including ice-box, water jugs, and modest greywater tank. With its top cover openable the separate head compartment allows use of the toilet sitting or standing showing just chest and head. The cabin is secured through a sliding companionway hatch and two half doors.

Cockpit

The new cockpit layout offers four permanent seats. Two serve as helm and co-pi-

lot seats featuring flip-up bolsters to allow standing while resting with the thighs against the seat. Lowered and turned aft, they face the two seats integrated into the stern arrangements fitting left and right of the outboard motor well, a number of table solutions come to mind. Ahead of the helm seats and acting as footrests are her two battery banks consisting of two 6v deep-cycle units each for relative electric endurance during extended cruises. Aft, the outboard well between the rear cockpit seats is now covered with an aft hinged flip-up motor box to reduce the engine noise in the cockpit. Left and right of the forward seats and mostly under the side decks one 18gal plastic fuel tank per side offers her reasonable range with that fuel weight located around her fore-and-aft center of gravity and thus little effect on her trim with full or near empty tanks. Longer tanks to same section offer more range yet. Aft of the tanks and under her side decks are utility shelves. The cockpit sole drains forward into a bilge pump well at the lowest point right under the companionway steps. Flat cockpit floorboards are a personal choice.

Helm Shelter

The obvious general utility for such cruising of a reasonably attractive hard shelter over her helm, along with multiple requests by plans buyers(!), resulted in the three styles shown here. We used solid hard tops and glass windows with center panels, leaving the option for conventional canvas work and vinyl view panels. The latter are likely used at the after end of the house to keep out weather and bugs.



Bow Cockpit

In earlier years of motorboating the bow cockpit was a special place for children and adults alike, running or at rest, forwardmost even ahead of the helm. It would serve also as a place for more secure ground tackle handling and to watch the sunset away from the crowd in the cockpit. Here in these functions are provided for two. The seat back folds down on the cushion which is mounted to the underside of the aft hinged bow well hatch covering the self-draining well that also carries her anchor gear.

Positive Buoyancy Foam

We placed foam inside her rear quarters abaft and below the seats to support the weight of the 60hp four-stroke four-cylinder outboard in a hull flooding situation. More foam volume is located below the shelves/bins under her side decks, under the cockpit sole running from side to side and the full length of the cockpit, with forward locations under the bow cockpit sole extending foam aft into the cabin under the forward end of the bunks. In the context of the wooden hull construction, this volume of foam should make her unsinkable with batteries, crew and a good cruising supply load.

A Second Underbody Option for Either Old or New Hull Layout

The original hull was optimized for very efficient and elegant running characteristics at moderate planing speeds in smoother protected waters such as rivers, canals, and inside barrier islands. Retaining her appearance above the waterline along with her stern section we deepened, and thus sharpened, her forefoot to effect a smoother ride in typical inshore coastal conditions. This new hull should offer an easier motion at efficient planing speeds across more uneven waters. There is marginally more material in the deeper hull while planking should be comparable for either version. There is more legroom downwards between the bunks, plus a few more cubic feet in stowage volume under them.

Miscellaneous

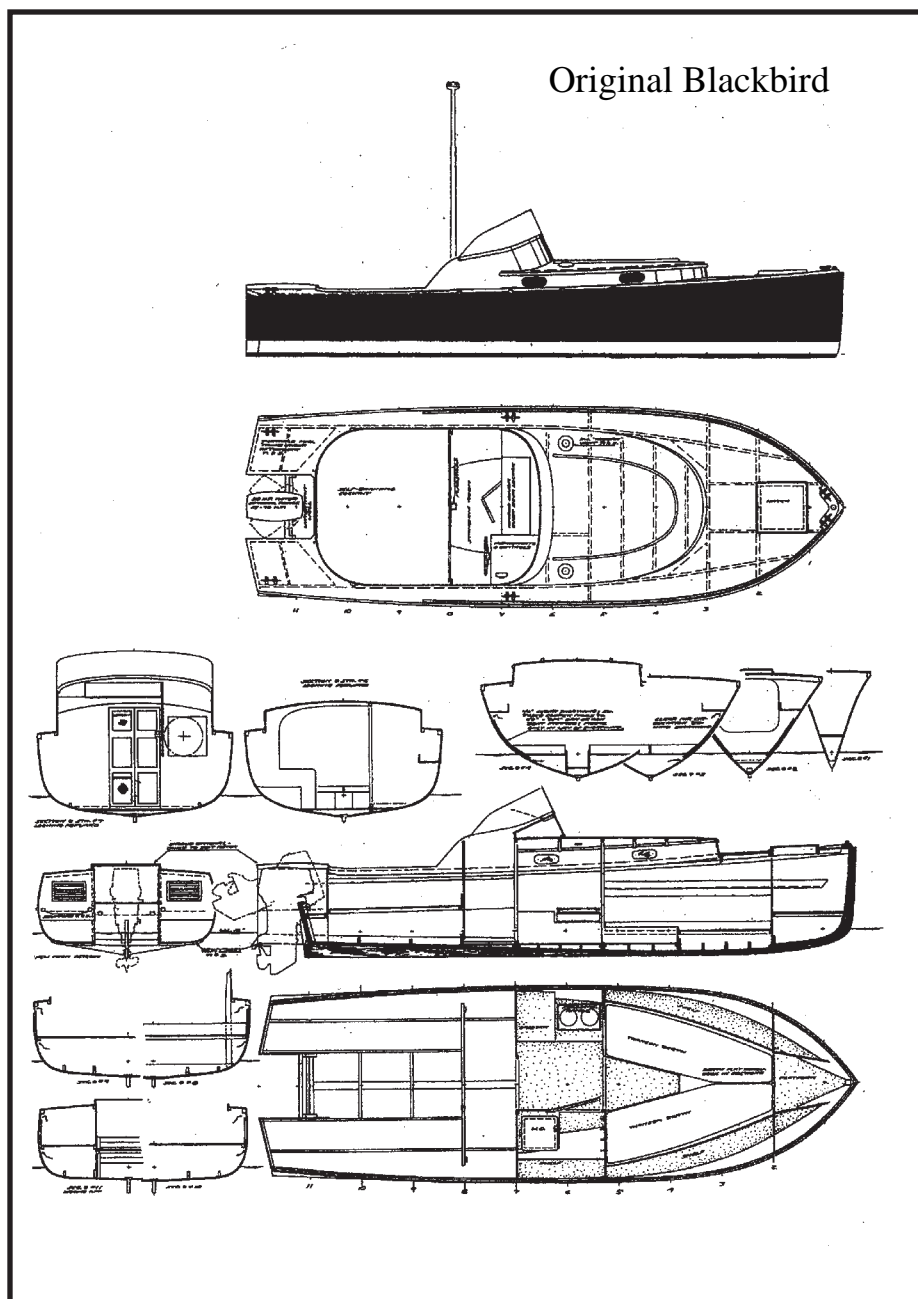
Twin outboard well skegs allow a much shorter keel to produce a cleaner waterflow to the prop in turns. Two propane bottle-compartments invite adding heat for three seasons plus cruising. In certain sea conditions wider rubrails would be effective as spray rails without disfiguring her fine bow.

Double Strip Construction...

An Additional Hull Assembly Option

The original hull was built in cold-molded fashion, light, strong, and requiring good skill levels and significant man hours laying up the veneers and fairing them to result in the flawless surface quality that Ken Bassett achieved, as well documented in the recent *WoodenBoat* photo spread and the *Small Boats* article long ago.

Double strip construction over her skeleton of keel, bulkheads, and molds uses 1/2" thick wood strips such as western red cedar and other woods to rapidly produce a hull shell out of readily cut square edge strips with least gap filling concerns, quickly faired to be covered by a structural layer of fiberglass cloth that also serves as a stout rot barrier between this inner strip layer and the outer strip layer. Over this layer of smooth cloth, the outer strip structure should again



be coming together very rapidly before the outer fiberglass skin is applied. Should this outer glass layer be violated by scraping and gouging impact into the outer strip layer and then go unattended, any rot potential should be limited to just half the thickness of the hull skin, removable with chisels, planers, grinders, etc., to be rebuilt with fitted pieces of strips inserted and glued to the center glass layer without scarp, just tacked down into a bed of epoxy with temporary staples, to be covered with a patch of cloth to re-establish the complete hull matrix.

This boat is not a novice project. We assume that the builder is experienced in strip building of small boats. Beyond lines and offsets, a sheet of dimensioned bulkheads, permanent frames, and her keel profile and section is provided. This should accelerate cutting out, erecting, and plumbing them bottom up in order to rapidly staple and glue her two layers of light wood strips.

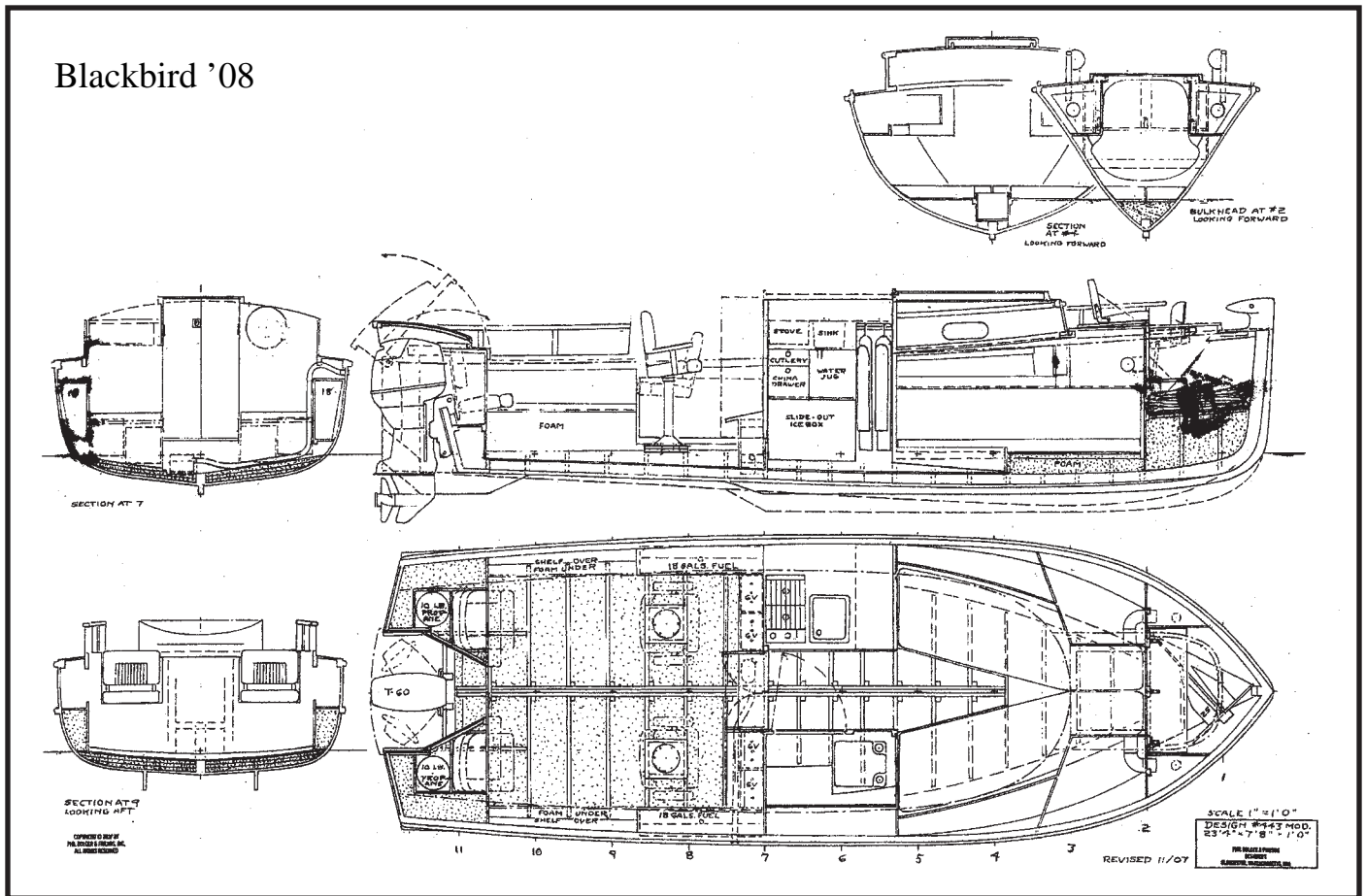
Double strip construction promises low stress rapid five-ply layering of inside

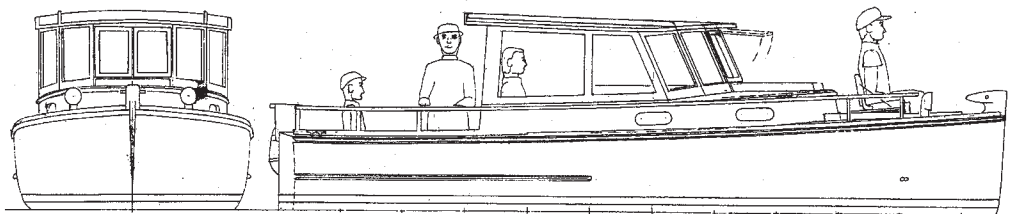
glass cloth/inside wood strip/center glass cloth/outside wood strip/outside glass cloth to result in a strong structure of likely superior long term resistance to degradation from surface damage and respective neglect. On Blackbird '08 the total laminate will finish about 1" thick after all fairing of both wood strip layers. We suggest that Double Strip construction should be easier and less tedious than cold molding, though perhaps as lengthy, while allowing a much thicker skin for the effort to match the rigors of inshore and riverine cruising with an acceptable penalty in weight. Whichever method you prefer, well rendered her shape will be elegant.

These photos were shot by Ken Bassett in 1984, Ken is still building in North Hero, VT 05474, (802) 372-5204.

Plans are available from us in one package combining both original and revised versions along with all options on 3 + 7 sheets of 22"x34" for \$300 to build one boat, shipped postpaid in a roll.

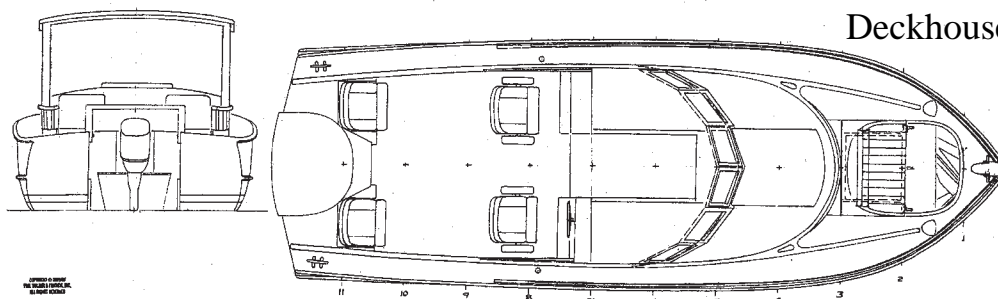
Blackbird '08



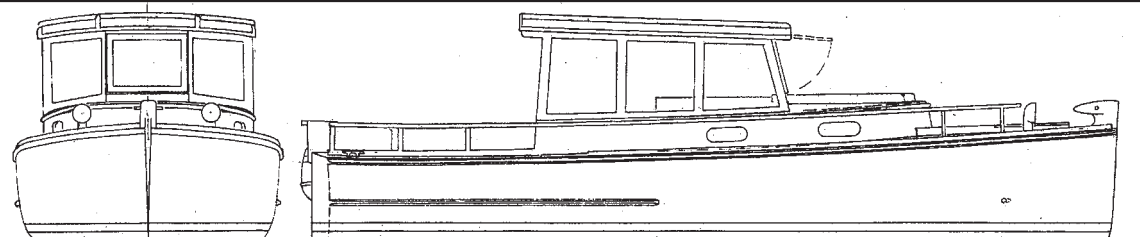


DECKHOUSE VERSION 1

Deckhouse Version #1

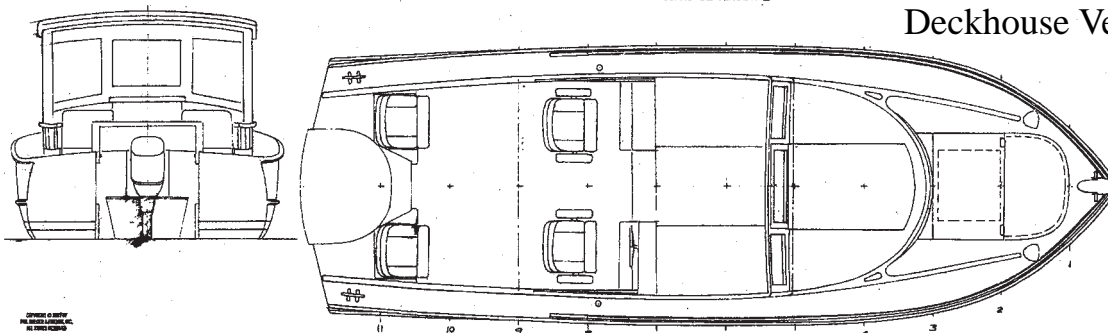


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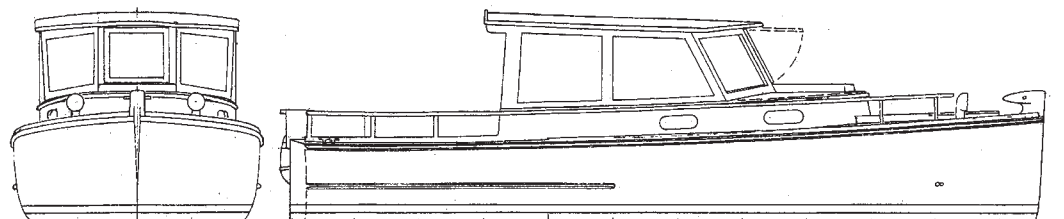


DECKHOUSE VERSION 2

Deckhouse Version #2

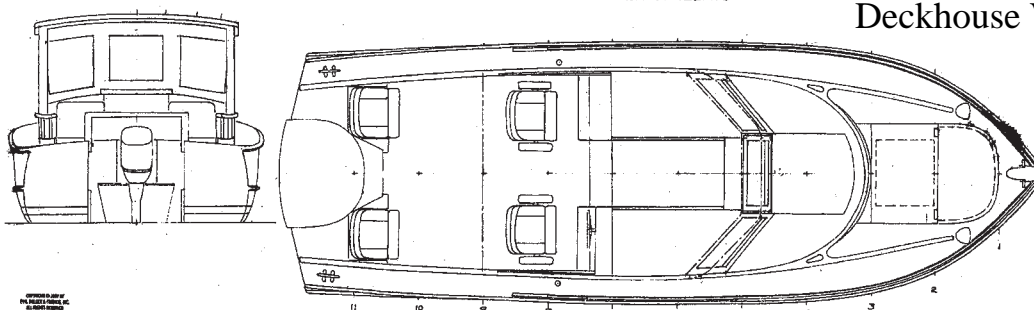


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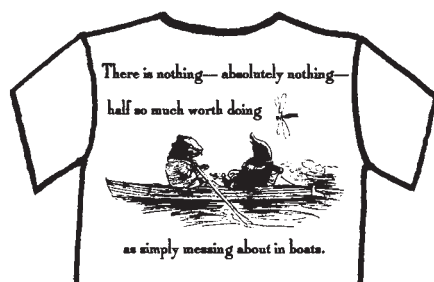
DECKHOUSE VERSION 3

Deckhouse Version #3



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Every once in a while I get the sneaky suspicion that I might not be as young as I used to be. It's not that I feel old, it's just that things don't seem to work as well or as move as fast as I remembered them in the past. And it isn't that, numerically, I'm advanced in years. I turn 55 in March and, by gosh, that ain't old, is it? But I have to admit I now am living at the confused age of 55. I pretty much know I'm not young anymore, at least I think I might not be. The gray hair points that out every morning. But at the same time I know I can't be old yet. And middle aged? Geez... that has such



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On Aging (As it Impacts on My Boating)

By Bob Errico

a horrible middle ages sound to it, that can't be me! But by the same token, I have some friends in their 70s who balk at the idea that they might be considered middle-aged yet. In short, I don't know what I am, young, old, or something in between!

So what does this have to do with messing about in boats? Well, I have a friend who's a power boater and about 20 years younger than me. He's not happy unless his boat is going about 50mph, full throttle, noisy as Hades. He's got to have the biggest fish, biggest outboard, biggest and fastest of everything. He's asked me to come fishing with him, and I suppose I will sometime because he always comes back with fish. To reciprocate, I asked if he'd like to come sailing with me on the Compac 23 *Koinonia* that I have been blessed to own. His response was the most persuasive argument I've heard yet that I might not yet be old. A slightly sarcastic smile of arrogance spread slowly across his face as he politely declined, saying that he didn't know if he could handle "the speed." I believe the term he used was "excruciatingly slow."

Thinking I may not be alone amongst small boaters facing this quandary, I decided to share some of my observations on aging with the wonderful chosen few subscribers who might recognize my symptoms.

Oldies radio stations: Something's gone askew. These songs can't be oldies. Why, I remember owning the records that these songs were on. I used to play them on my manual turntable. Some of the songs I know by heart, or used to, so how can I, being not old, know the words to oldies songs? There must be some mistake!

There seems to be some kind of plot going on with the phone book printers and the eyeglass manufacturers and optometrists. It seems that each year they make the print just a little bit smaller so we get tricked into thinking our vision is getting worse, get the eye exam, and, of course, the doc says, "Bob, you need bifocals." BIFOCALS? Isn't that what old people wear? Again, there must be some mistake. Sure, I can see better with the bifocals but that's not the point!

Here in New Jersey we can get our drivers' licenses at age 17. So why are all these 10-year-old kids driving to school? Now there's no way they are 17, no way. They probably won't shave for five more years. They can barely see over the steering wheel. Maybe they are sitting on their diapers to help see over the wheel!

The other day my son Chris, age 26, came down to split some wood for me. A few past confrontations between my bicycle and automobiles and a recent shoulder injury and subsequent surgery have made wood-splitting a thing of the past for me. Too bad, because there's nothing near as fine as splitting oak in the middle of winter with just a T-shirt on. I marveled at the way he swung that splitting maul like it was a trim hammer. In no time flat he reduced the logs to nice stove-sized pieces and had a fun time doing it. I used to be able to do that, now I can't. (Thanks, Chris.)

Not that long ago I enjoyed long distance cycling. I pretty much lived to ride my Bridgestone RB-2. I'd ride any chance I got; to work, from work, between work. I'd go out after work for a short 40-miler. I'd train and complete centuries (100-milers) and feel great afterwards. Getting up at 3am to ride 25 miles before work was a common occurrence. In past years I'd rack up between 3,000 and 4,000 miles a year. A few of the aforementioned vehicle confrontations just about put an end to my cycling, almost my life. Now just zipping down for bagels on Sunday morning is a good ride.

I was a lot lighter then, a lot faster, and had a much lower resting heart rate. I was a lot younger then. Being hit by cars and trucks while on a bicycle and the subsequent rehab time is not much fun and can age one rather quickly. Take my word for it, don't try it! I got tired of the crashes and decided to get my exercise rowing instead. I love to row but I must admit it was disturbing to learn that all the morons on the road also own powerboats!

Not long ago someone showed me a picture, supposedly of me when I was first starting out in my construction career. You know, back when I was invincible, walking 12 pitch roofs with my Converse High-tops as my only safety equipment. Yeah, it looked like me, only skinnier. Even though all the evidence pointed to the fact that the young guy in the picture was indeed me, I refused to admit it. Finally, I had to give in to the fact that, yes, it was indeed me, I have increased my girth and displacement as well. I can no longer carry 17 pre-cut studs up an extension ladder, heck, I don't even want to. I guess I have aged a bit. Now I have my employees do the carrying while I try to decipher just what the architect has in mind on this drawing before me.

Just the other day I received an AARP card in the mail. After I opened it I had to check to see if it came to the wrong address. Maybe it was supposed to go to that old couple down the street. Nope, sure enough it was addressed to me at my address. AARP? C'mon, give me a break here! What's next, AAA because I can't change my own flat tires anymore? God forbid!

A fellow New Jerseyan named John Gorka has written a song I can relate to entitled *People My Age Have Started Looking Gross*. I suppose just the fact that I can relate to that song says something about my age. Is that gross looking guy in the mirror really me? Do you mean that the young girl at the checkout was laughing at me and not flirting with me? Say it ain't so!

To help combat aging I always ask for at least one toy from each of my kids for Christmas. I think this might help keep me from turning into an old fart. This year my daughter gave me a small remote control helicopter. YEEHAW!!! It's good to play with toys!

Well, I may be 55, not as strong, not as quick, but my hearing's OK. I can hear some of you readers out there thinking, "Well, old Bob has lost it. He thinks he's writing for *Messing About with Geriatrics*." Hold on thar, Bub, here's the bottom line:

My addicted to speed and the mostest friend mentioned earlier in this essay seemed to imply that there was something wrong with me because I enjoyed unpowered boating under five knots. And how could I possibly enjoy rowing at five knots, man that sounds like hard work, he said. Pondering his reply I laughed inwardly, concluding that I hope I never get so old as to regard rowing as hard work.

Nautical Terminology

One of the distinguishing characteristics of those who mess about in boats is the terminology they use to describe what they are doing. Every activity has its own language and boating is no exception. We have port (was land board then larboard) and starboard (was steer board) for left and right. We have fore or bow and aft or stern for front and back and assorted terms for specific items of equipment or actions (halyard comes from haul yard). While many of the terms are not relative to an action or position on a boat, did you know that the bow and stern can be interchangeable? There are ferries designed to go in both directions. The captain/helmsperson simply goes to the other end of the vessel when it is time to pull up the ramp and depart the slip.

Port and starboard as well as bow and stern are relative terms which depend on the direction the boat is moving and what part of the boat is the "leading edge" so to speak. When a boat is at rest (moored in some fashion) the nomenclature of bow, stern, port, and starboard are arbitrary and usually relate to the common practice of the stern being where the rudder is located and all else is relative to that location. A short item was printed years ago about a British destroyer which suffered major damage to its bow during an exchange with German warships in the English Channel. The destroyer's skipper put the boat in full astern and headed for shore "in reverse." Since the stern was now the bow (relative to the direction the boat was moving) it was reported that crew members moved the Naval Ensign from its prior location and secured it to a new location on the "stern" of the destroyer.

Our current manner of steering a boat developed over a long period of time. One of the early problems with sailing ships was the balance of the impact of the sails on the rudder. Today we call it lee or weather helm and adjust for the proper balance by the rake of the mast and the position of the keel/centerboard. When European sailing ships first started more than coastwise trips one of the means to achieve a balanced helm was a steering sail forward. If you look at the drawings of clogs and caravels (Columbus's ships, for example) you will wonder what the small sail off the bow is for. Well, it was used to help ease the strain on the rudder. A variation on this theme was tried with at least one of the America's Cup boats that had a small daggerboard forward to assist in the balance of the helm. Remember, the better the balance, the less drag from the rudder offsetting the leeward movement of the boat (when on a close reach) and thus a faster boat. Also, the better the balance the less strain on the rudder and its attachments to the stern.

Shoal draft (kick-up) rudders have the cheek pieces that connect to the boat and the rudder blade that can be raised when coming into shallow water. The dynamics of water flow add a good deal of strain to the rudder assembly when the rudder is raised while the boat is still moving. The strain is also there when the rudder is fully down but the axis of the turn is vertical and the strain usually much less. If you look at the assembly that connects a "barn door" rudder on a catboat and compare the fastenings with those of a balanced spade rudder you will see a significant difference in the size and attachment of the pintles and gudgeons. However, the strain on the rudder blade still exists and can result in the failure of the rudder under some conditions.

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

While we know that the nautical term for depth is a fathom (to embrace or with arms out stretched) which is six feet, a cable is 720 feet in the US (608 feet in England), the nautical mile is 796 feet longer than a statute mile (6,076 feet or 6076.103 feet, to be exact, nautical, 5,280 feet statute), have you even wondered where the measurement for what is a "foot" came from? The answer depends on your source. According to one report, in the 10th century a foot was about nine inches long as derived from the "inch" (which was three barleycorns laid end to end). Three inches was a palm breadth and three palm breadths was a foot. Another report notes that Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) agreed with Vitruvius Pollio (1st century BC Roman engineer) that four fingers = one palm, four palms = one foot.

However, in the 1180s "St Paul's Foot" was a measured length sculptured in the base of column in St Paul's Cathedral. In most current dictionaries, a foot is defined as 12 inches or one-third of a yard. However, the measurement of a yard was originally defined as the distance from a person's nose to the tip of their horizontally out stretched hand (Henry I was the English model). Oh yes, the yard, as a measurement, comes from measuring cloth (and a "cloth yard" was originally a bit longer than the current length, reportedly to allow for shrinkage). Thus, how long is a "foot" is an arbitrary standard that everyone (in the English speaking world) has agreed to follow.

Keeping Warm in Florida Winter

In my part of Florida (northern Gulf coast) winter is the time of year when you can get a sunburn, windburn, and hypothermia all in the same day. Of the three, hypothermia is the most dangerous. Most people get too cold because of wet clothing or the wind chill factor. You do not have to fall into the water to experience the effects of hypothermia on a windy day from late December to early March.

The idea is to dress in layers to keep warm. One article on the subject promoted the acronym COLD: Cover, Overexertion, Layers, and Dry. The idea was to cover your head and body, do not induce sweating, wear layers, and stay dry. You can remove the outer clothing when it is warm and put some back on as you chill. My wife and I have nylon "wind shirts" that were sold to skiers to cut the wind factor. A sweater with a wind shirt over it does wonders to keep the upper body warm. I also wear a stocking cap and I know of people who wear a close fitting skull cap with their sun hat over it. This combination protects their head from chill and their face from sunburn.

Keeping the lower body warm is another matter. I have seen stocking warmers that were quite neat but not too practical on a boat. Cold feet seem to be more of a disabling factor than anything else that can happen. Wearing rubber boots with two layers of socks works well for really cold days. For overall warmth retention a set of thermal underwear is not to be discouraged. If the day promises to be cool and wet I wear my foul weather pants (bib with suspenders) to keep my bottom and legs dry.

Deck boots are expensive but durable (mine are over ten years old). The boots should be large enough for the socks (single thick pair or two thinner pair) and still let you discard them with little difficulty. Boots full of water (you went overboard) are not conducive to staying afloat or climbing back into the boat. In theory, the boots should be snug enough to stay on and yet be removable with little effort. In the warmth of your home weigh yourself and then put your boots on. Weigh yourself again. Now carefully fill the boots with water and weigh yourself a third time. How much "weight" did the water filled boots add? Could you climb a boarding ladder with the extra weight at foot level? Give it a try.

Another option for keeping the feet warmer are skin diver's booties. They are not designed for much walking about but they do work quite nicely for small boat activities.

Overexertion is another matter. The trick is not to sweat with all that clothing on. Sweating simply gets you wet from the inside out (so to speak). Your foul weather clothing should allow your body heat to slowly dissipate. If you are dry on the outside and wet on the inside of your clothing you will chill much faster in cool/cold weather and hypothermia can become a problem. If you start shivering or have chills when boating, get under cover or get ashore and get warm.

Also, make sure that your PFD will support you with all that soaking wet clothing on if you do end up swimming by mistake.

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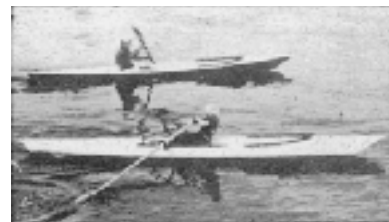
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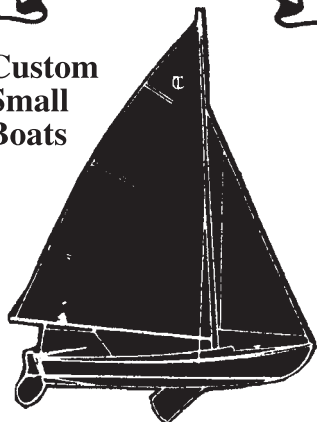
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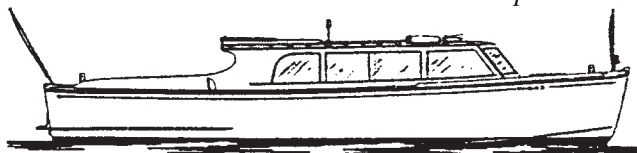
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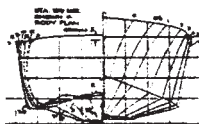
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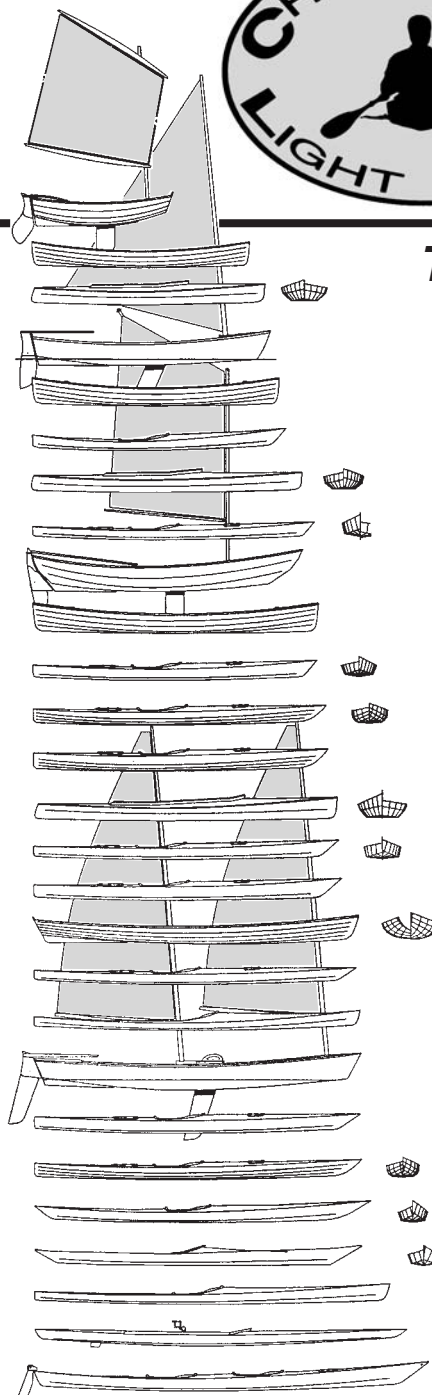
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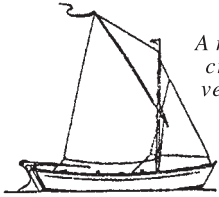
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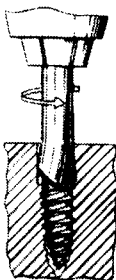
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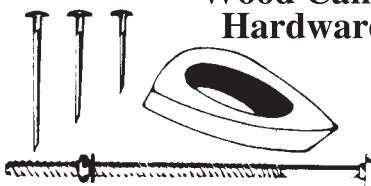
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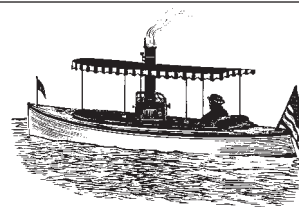


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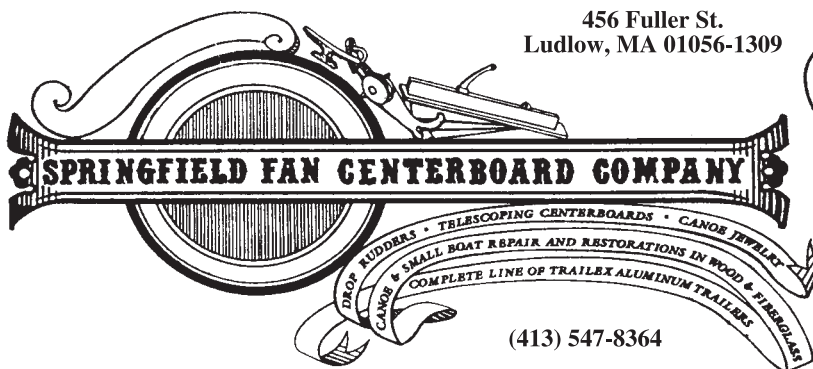
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Starcraft Runabout, 15'x6', Ready for cosmetic restoration. Built mid-'50s but not in water since '65. Stored indoors or outdoor under cover. Incl 35hp Evinrude ob age unknown but not newer than '65. On L'il Dude trlr which needs new tires but is otherwise in gd condi. No current paperwork. \$4,500 obo. MICHAEL, Newtown, PA, (215) 971-4527 (308)

21' Chesapeake Light Craft Tred Avon, double sea kayak. Less than 65lbs w/happy bottom seats, double size rudder, cockpit covers. White hull w/ bright deck & interior. Lightly used, always garage kept, thoroughly washed after every use. Entire boat made w/4mm okoume marine plywood, stitch & tape construction. \$900. MIKE POGUE, Easton, MD, (410) 446-5861, ampgue05@yahoo.com (308)

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Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to officesupport@comcast.net. No telephone ads please.



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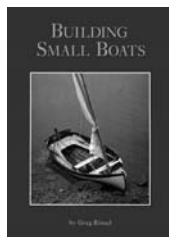
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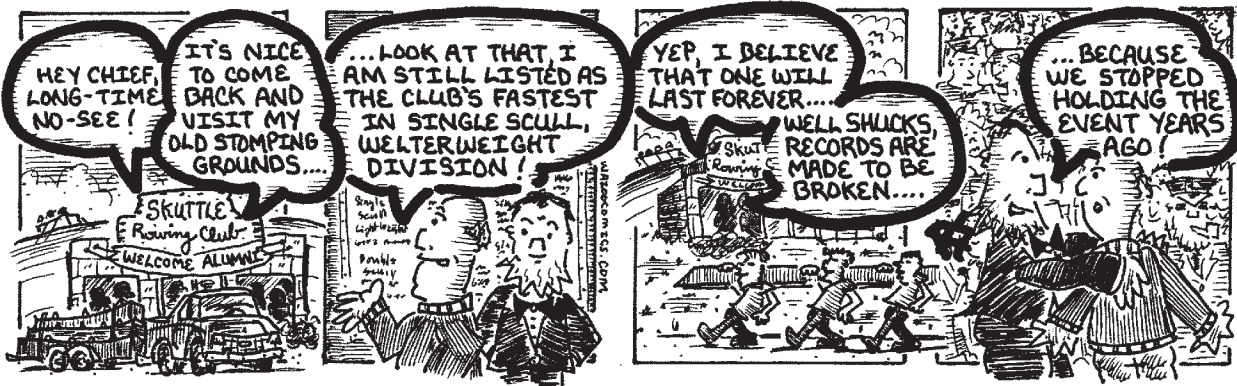
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Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers

Golden Days of Yore



ADIRONDACK GUIDE BOAT

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Steve & Dave get the bulk of the credit for the boats that go out our doors. However, if you examined the boats carefully you'd find nine sets of fingerprints that come from neither Steve nor Dave.

One set of fingerprints belong to Dan Bushey. Dan has been with us since he was 18 and he just turned 21. Dan primarily does the final assembly on our boats. This includes the installation of gun-wales, seats, oarlocks and decks. This last, the installation of decks, is often a sign of sloppy or careful boatbuilding. A visitor at a show once admired the fit between the deck and gunwale and said, "I don't even think you can measure how tight that joint is.... and they are both curved pieces of wood, mated perfectly to each other."

His friend said, "Oh, I could do that."

To which Dave said, "In 15 minutes?"

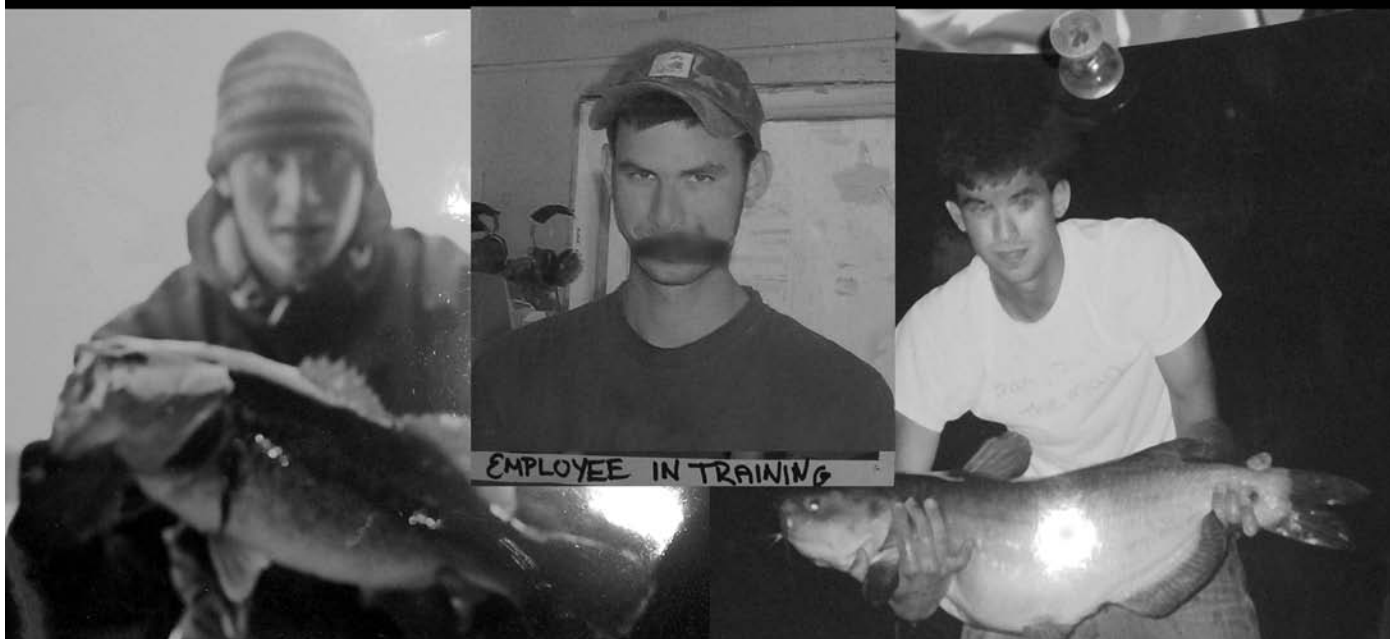
The friend said, "Oh, no. It'd take me all day....and I'd ruin three of them before I finally got it right."

Well, Dan doesn't ruin any of them and it doesn't take him all day either. If you own one of our boats, or stop to see them at a show, take a look at the deck and how perfectly it is installed.

As you can tell from the photos, Dan loves to fish.....and he's clearly good at it. He also loves birding. When the south wind is blowing and the hawks are migrating, Dan might not come to work for a day or two....he'll be out catching, banding and safely releasing the migrating birds. Then he'll come in at 0:dark 30 or on the weekend to make up his missing hours.

That's the kind of guy who builds our boats.

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Jul 18-20 Hammondsport Antique and Classic, NY ***
Jul 25-27 Finger Lakes Boat Show, Skaneateles, NY ***
Aug 1-3 Antique & Classic Boat Show, Clayton, NY ***
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